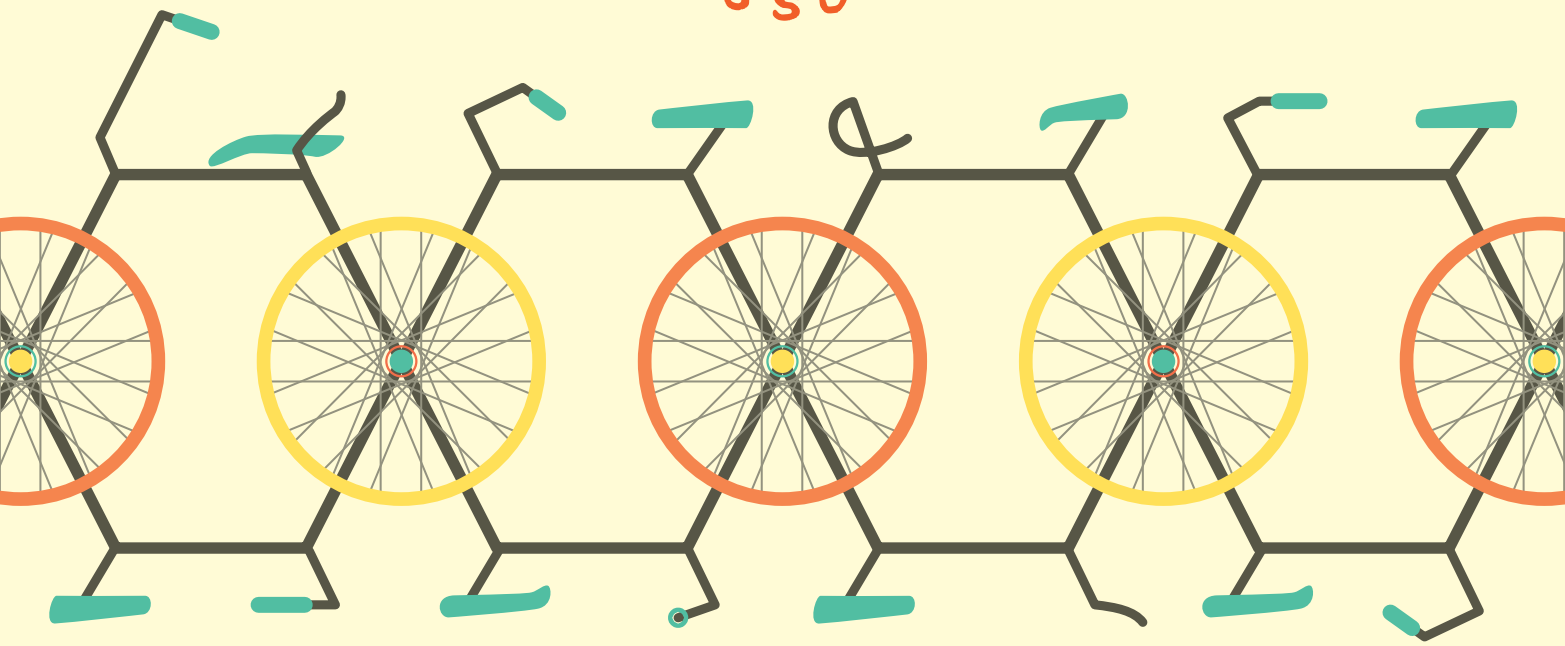
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About the Cover: When it comes to lettering and illustrations that are charming yet compelling, **Thy Doan**'s got it on lock. We knew we could count on her for an inventive way to bring out the bike in all of us! Hit up *thy.doan@gmail.com* to inquire further about her work.

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Contributor Limelight: Chad Pinkcney Issue Designer



Chad Pinckney celebrates a year as a *SLUG* issue designer this month, responsible for the visual layout creativity behind such features as *Princess Kennedy* (pg. 42) and *Let's Ride: an Evening with Bike Party* (pg. 24). He's also the man behind our upcoming June *Localized* poster—one of his favorite projects as *SLUG* Staff, he says. We like him 'cause he meets deadlines, churns out quality work and is an all-around cool dude. Chad's currently pursuing a degree at the U in Graphic Design, and he keeps busy between homework and his *SLUG* duties doing freelance design gigs for bands and dabbling in music production. You may recognize him as the co-host of *Salt The Block*, a locally based, weekly podcast that covers everything from music and art to politics (they recently had former Mayor Rocky Anderson on the show, along with hip-hop artist **Grieves**). Catch Chad's work every month inside the issue, and make sure you subscribe to *STB* on iTunes or check 'em out at *facebook.com/saltheblock*.



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Hey there officer,

Not everyone is an uninformed smoker. You seem to be a very uninformed and disassociated so I figured I would do the 15 minutes of google research you opted out of. I'm going to go ahead and cover as many points as possible before my high wears off. Let's start with no one goes to prison for life for simple possession. Yes that is true buts it's only a convenient statement. Why don't you tell me why America has 1/20 of the worlds population yet houses 1/4 of the worlds prison population? Could it be from failed drug laws and letting billionaire DuPont pedophiles off with probation. How about this fun fact from the latest pew poll America is more distrusting of government and law enforcement officials than it has been in any other time in American history. Some people blame it on archaic based "facts" on drugs like marijuana. You said "you will not find one medical doctor who says that smoking weed has any medical value" and you are correct but also another loaded comment yes smoking it has harmful effects but thc and cbd's found only in marijuana have multiple and vast medical benefits. Lots of doctors agree that thc and cbds's combined in marijuana have shown to stop and counteract tumors associated with multiple cancers. Like these doctors right here in the country you were sworn to protect http://www.cancer.gov/cancertopics/pdq/cam/cannabis/healthprofessional/page4 now when you read this make sure to read the whole thing. I know you didn't when you read about the 1 joint to 20 cigarettes article. Because if you had you would have read that yes it was more harmful to lungs but when it came to emphysema what causes cancer and is a degenerative lung disease only 1.3 percent of pot only smokers contracted emphysema. Where 16.3 percent of tobacco only smokers contracted and 18.1 of pot and tobacco smokers. That's also only talking about smoking it. Let's talk about what our state did recently. Our Gov. just signed into law that children and adults with certain diseases will be able to legally get a recommendation for tinctures high in cbd's which is a by product of cannabis. This is your state saying marijuana has a medical value in a specific form. Also you "don't know if it's worse than alcohol", just take it from your president because had you read a newspaper in the last two months you would have seen two consecutive instances where president Obama flat out said alcohol is worse than marijuana. I guess it's just too easy for you too sit up in your high horse to ever think about actually helping the public you are sworn to protect. But I'm going to leave you with this great statistic. Americas crime rates have been steadily on the decline but the fastest dropping are the states that have legalized cannabis. Lower violent crimes, lower domestic crimes and lower dui's associated with alcohol. You can verify all this with a simple google search.

Have fun in your fantasy land filled with ignorance. Soon enough my generation will vote archaic relics associated with your ignorant views out of office and we can get back to the American dream your generation destroyed for us.
Sincerely
Avid pot smoker

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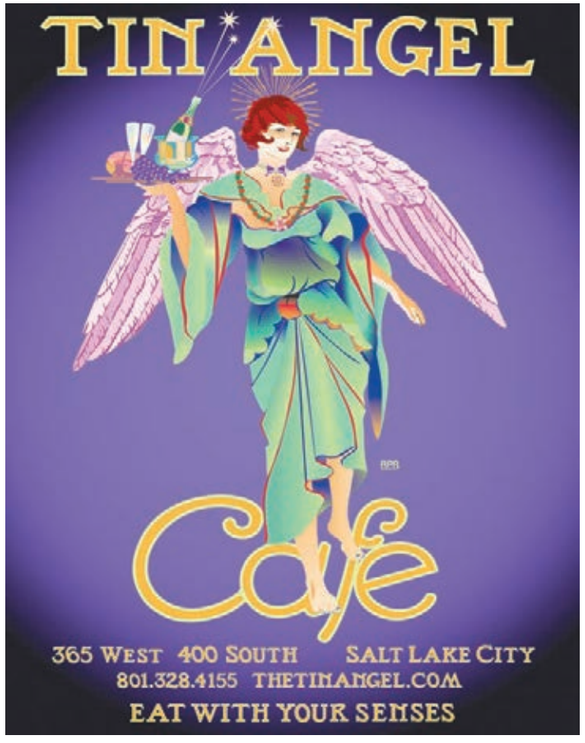
1. Get a job. 2. Move out of your mom's house. 3. You make me wanna be straight edge. 4. Stop listening to Phish. 5. There is no future.

xoxo,
SLUG Mag

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FAMOUS RELATIVES



Tim Myers' latest project, Famous Relatives, is an electronic step away from Palace of Buddies, and just as good.

Localized

By Julia Sachs
jsachs94@hotmail.com
Photos: Russel Daniels

Utah is home to a sea of great talent in just about any electronic subgenre. This month's *Localized* show on May 10 will provide a wide and refreshing variety of electronic music. Starting at 9 p.m. for just $5, the show at *Urban Lounge* will feature a few aesthetically pleasing electronic acts. **Ischa B.** will emcee the show, which starts with the haunting, space-like sounds of **Mkaio** before heading into the relaxed yet energetic live instrumental set provided by **Famous Relatives** with a backing band. The night will end with the glitchy, homemade 8-bit sounds of **Conquer Monster**, Salt Lake's favorite chiptune group. The show is 21+ and sponsored by Budweiser, Spilt Ink and KRCL 90.9 FM.

FAMOUS RELATIVES

Tim Myers didn't just pick up a production software program and start working; he began his music career playing with veteran local band **Palace of Buddies**—a two-man project he plays with good friend **Nicholas Foster**—before he branched off to work on solo projects. "I've been recording and producing for almost 10 years. A lot of the Palace of Buddies albums have been co-produced and recorded by Nick and me," says Myers, explaining the natural path that led him to start producing electronic music.

Palace of Buddies, a lo-fi, experimental rock group, has released multiple albums over the last five years through **Kilby Records**. Their upbeat and highly energetic sound, juxtaposed with the down-tempo, almost haunting sounds of Myers' solo work, demonstrates variety in his musical taste and an interest in experimentation. "Nick has some different projects, and I've always had different projects on my own, even if it's just something I'm working on at home," Myers says of the dynamic between the two of them, assuring Palace of Buddies fans that the group is still very much intact. In 2013, Myers released his first solo album, *Electric Signals*, which is a smooth, lo-fi synthpop album under the name Famous Relatives —a name he says he heard and liked the sound of on a whim. "I hate band names—I've never been good at coming up with them," he says.

Myers produced and recorded *Electric Signals* all on his own. "I like to be involved in every aspect, even mastering. It's your own piece of art, and I feel like if I hand that off to someone else, it's no longer mine—it's almost like someone else influenced it," he says. "I've used a couple of different softwares, but mainly [for this album], I've been using ProTools." For the live show, however, Myers plans on setting up various instruments and having a live band help him perform onstage. "I do all of the vocals, but I'll have a live band [at *Localized*]," he says. "The live band will consist of myself on guitar and keys, Nick Foster on drums, **Scott Whitaker** on bass, **Stephen Chai** on keys and **Nate Housley** on guitar/keys."

When asked where he thinks he stands in the local electronic scene, Myers explains that he doesn't feel as much a part of it as he does others. "I feel like sort of an outsider—I think the stuff that I do is a bit different from what some of the other locals are doing, " he says. Myers says he's happy with any audience that will enjoy his music, but has no specific hopes for the type of crowd he will attract. Myers has a long list of local artists he recommends, having collaborated with many of them. "There are quite a few musicians whom I admire here who do electronic stuff. I'm obviously a big fan of my bandmate in Palace of Buddies, Nick. He always writes amazing music; **Jason Rabb**, the Whitaker brothers, **Logan** [**Hone**] from **Bright Whistles**, Stephen Chai, **Will Sartain**, **Scott Selfridge**, **Ryan Fedor**, **Andrew Glassett**. [There are] so many great musicians in Utah, I'm sure that I have forgotten a few," he says.

In addition to his band and solo projects, Myers also produces soundtracks for film. "I've done a couple short films, one called *True Love* by **David Christenson** and a full-length film called *Ryan Baxter: Reenactor*. I wrote the theme music for **KCPW**'s news hour and a handful of Internet commercials for the U of U, *SLCC Film Festival*, **Ski Utah** and others," he says.

Myers is also currently working on another album under the name Famous Relatives. "I'm a little over halfway through my next solo album. The last album was slower and a bit more ambient, but the new one will be a little faster and a bit dancey-er. I'll be playing a few of the new tracks at the show," says Myers. He also has some good news for Palace of Buddies fans: "Palace of Buddies is working on a new album. We are really close to finishing writing the material. I don't know the timing [of the release], but we will likely start recording in the summer/fall," he says.

Localized will be Myers' first performance as Famous Relatives, but he's an old vet when it comes to performing live, as are his bandmates. As far as touring goes, Myers has no plans to perform in other places as of now, but hopes to in the future. Until the show, his solo work can be found at *famousrelatives.bandcamp.com* and his production with Palace of Buddies can be found at *palaceofbuddies.bandcamp.com*.

CONQUER MONSTER

Comparable to the likes of Brooklyn-based band **Anamanaguchi**, Conquer Monster's 8-bit dance sound will satiate the music taste of anyone who owned a now-vintage gaming console in their childhood. The two-man group comprising **Daniel Romero** and **Joshua Faulkner**, was brought together by a mutual love of all things computer. "I saw Josh playing in 2011, and I was really interested in his gear, so we started talking about gear together, and I kind of just geeked out when we started talking about analog synths and computers," says Romero. Faulkner messaged Romero about six months later, who started practicing with Faulkner's band, **Loiter Cognition**. "They had a third member, and I was just there to accompany because they were writing more parts than they could play," says Romero. "Josh and I started writing our own stuff starting in January 2013, and we've been working on a lot of sci-fi, 8-bit dance stuff ever since—kind of just a really spacey shred fest."

Conquer Monster found their niche in chiptune after years of growth and experimentation through different styles before combining their love of technology with music. Faulkner says, "Growing up, I was into a lot of punk music. I was in a punk band a long time ago. I played folk music for a long time just under my name—I played guitar and harmonica and I sang. [In my spare time] I was kind of just building [instruments] and taking them apart." He points to a mess of vintage computers and technology that are so over my head I couldn't comprehend how they were used as instruments. Romero says, "Both of us are heavily math and computer influenced"—Faulkner interjects to say, "Nerds," under his breath. Romero continues to say, "… I think that's where the sci-fi vibe comes from, just being interested."

What really makes this group interesting and ultimately sets them apart from most bands I've seen is their collection of instruments. "I started playing toy Casios as a child, then in high school, I migrated over to collecting analog synthesizers. My first synth was a Korg Delta. I've since obtained a Roland Juno-6, Roland RS-09, Korg Microkorg, Korg Poly-800 II and a Moog Lil Phatty, to name a few," Romero says. Faulkner's setup is just as technical: He says, "I focus on turning obsolete computer equipment into instruments and playing them like synths. Specifically, I play an Apple IIc, Atari 2600, NES with powerpad, Gameboy, various circuit bent toys and multiple Commodore 64s." You can see any band with guitars and a drum kit onstage, but when someone jams out on something like a Gameboy attached to a computer and worn like a guitar, it really shows talent and a passion for creativity.

The search for a band name was a simple one for the duo: "There's a **Deltron 3030** song called 'Madness,' and there's a line in there that says 'Conquer my sponsors, they're monsters.' It sounded cool together, [but] it doesn't mean anything, necessarily," Faulkner says. When asked if they gain a lot of inspiration through Deltron 3030, they said they don't gather much past his first release. "Just the dystopian-future vibe of their first album—I don't think we sound that hip-hop. We may have a little bit in there, but not a lot," says Faulkner. "For the new album that we're writing right now, we're writing a comic book that goes along with it. There's no title yet, but the synopsis is that the galaxy's best assassin decides that he no longer wants to kill, and through his attempts to outrun his former employer, he convinces a planet of pacifists to fight for their home. It's a futuristic dystopia where music is used to record the unique physical, emotional and mental data of a person for the purpose of traveling from planet to planet via radio waves. Music as an art form has been banned, so naturally, there's an illegal underground music scene," says Faulkner. Romero says they have about eight or nine tracks so far.

Conquer Monster have recently played quite a lot around Salt Lake, with more shows coming to. "[Our live shows are generally] two tables filled with synths, old computers and samplers. We start our set with a dramatic sci-fi–themed introduction. Most of our songs are pretty dancey, so we love to watch people dance to our music. When possible, we like to project glitched-out, warped VHS images behind us, so you might see those, too. We are nerds at heart, so you'll hear a math lecture or audio clips from old science fiction movies playing during our set," says Faulkner.

When not producing music, the two are either working or spending time with their families. Romero is a Computer Science student at *Weber State*, and Faulkner teaches math, engineering and music at *Walden School of Liberal Arts* in Provo. "Half of the time, when Josh and I hang out, we're talking about computers, programming, mathematics, time travel or video games, and the other half of the time, we're writing music about it all," Romero says of how their shared interests in other fields bring them together. The duo has talked about touring the West Coast, but plans to stay around and get in as many local performances as they can. You can find more at *soundcloud.com/conquer-monster* or their website, *conquermonster.com*, before they take over *Localized* on May 10.



(L–R) Joshua Faulkner and Daniel Romero are self-described nerds, using computers to create music as Conquer Monster.

CONQUER MONSTER

DEL MAR AL LAGO

Bringing the Beach to the Beehive

By Alex Springer • *alexjspringer@gmail.com*

Despite the cold weather that plagues the Wasatch Front during the beginning of spring, a trip to South Salt Lake's *Del Mar al Lago* is a great way to speed up the seasonal transition—or at least fool yourself into thinking that summer has come early. The restaurant specializes in ceviche—a classic and refreshing Peruvian dish, which is a medley of seafood that has been marinated in a lovely mixture of citrus juices and spices (they call it leche de tigre or "tiger's milk") until the acidity permeates and cures the seafood. This preparation manages to preserve the meat's fresh oceanic flavor while bestowing the morsels with a melt-in-your-mouth texture. It's served chilled with thinly sliced onions and peppers, and each bite brings the diner a little bit closer to their favorite beach.

I've had ceviche before and, though I liked it, I thought that the acidity of the marinade overwhelmed the subtle flavor of the fish. This is not the case at *Del Mar al Lago*. The menu boasts a wide range of ceviche variations, and each one has its own special arsenal of well-balanced flavors. Since the restaurant offers such variety, the Cebiche Fusion ($23) is a great place to start. Touting three different ceviches that capture flavor profiles from three different countries, the Cebiche Fusion also demonstrates Chef **Frederick Perez**'s alchemical ability to infuse different flavors into the classic ceviche playlist.

Though each ceviche can be ordered individually, it's much more fun to see a well-laden plate with perfectly formed dollops of mixed seafood ceviche come rolling up to the table. In addition to fresh fish, these ceviches contain marinated calamari and tiny octopi. My favorite of the three was the Cebiche Brasa, in which the classic Tiger's Milk has been spiked with the smoky flavor of chipotle. Imagine spending a night on the beach while a campfire smolders lazily at your side, and you'll get the general impression. I also took note of the fact that the octopus and squid—which are so often rubbery messes of disappointment—had achieved an ideal texture. The Cebiche Chifa is topped with a crispy wonton wrapper, which denotes the presence of Asian flavors like sesame and ginger. The ginger and citrus paired nicely together, but, again, were used with the right amount of moderation so the seafood could take center stage.

This ceviche world tour ended with the Cebiche Ghandi, which was very tasty, but my least favorite of the trio. According to the menu, the Cebiche Ghandi was spiced with curry powder, but either the tiger's milk was too aggressive to let the curry flavor through, or there wasn't enough of it to make an impression—which was a shame because I think curry would have been an interesting addition to the flavors that were at play.



The Cebiche Fusion features three ceviches that will tantalize the tastebuds of ceviche connoisseurs and newcomers alike.

Del Mar al Lago

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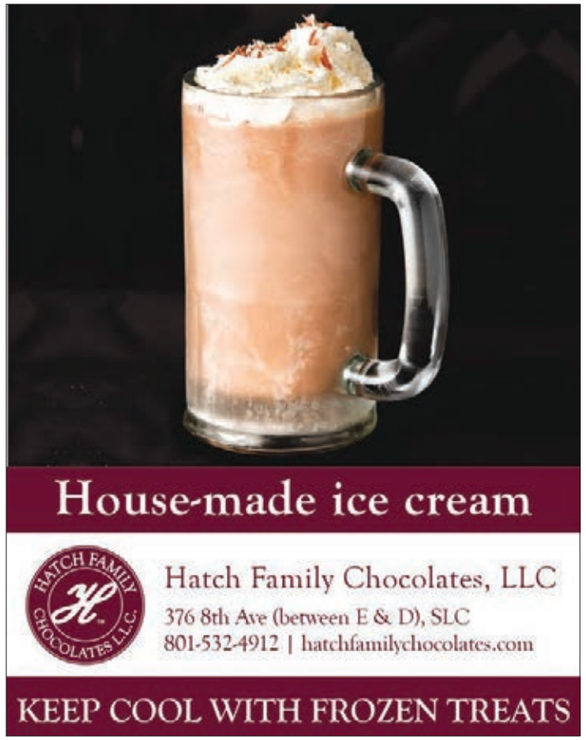
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If the thought of nearly raw fish and seafood doesn't quite do it for you, *Del Mar al Lago* offers some other delicious options. For example, the impressively titled Arroz con Pescado al Grill en Salsa de Camarones ($17) was the sleeper hit of the evening. It starts with a generous filet of grilled, market-fresh fish that is slathered in a gorgeous, yellow sauce that is unlike anything I have ever tasted. The unique mixture of seasoning and rich, buttery texture was both unfamiliar and comforting at the same time. The dish comes with a heaping ball of rice that was quickly put to use, sopping up the remaining gravy after the fish and shrimp were long gone.

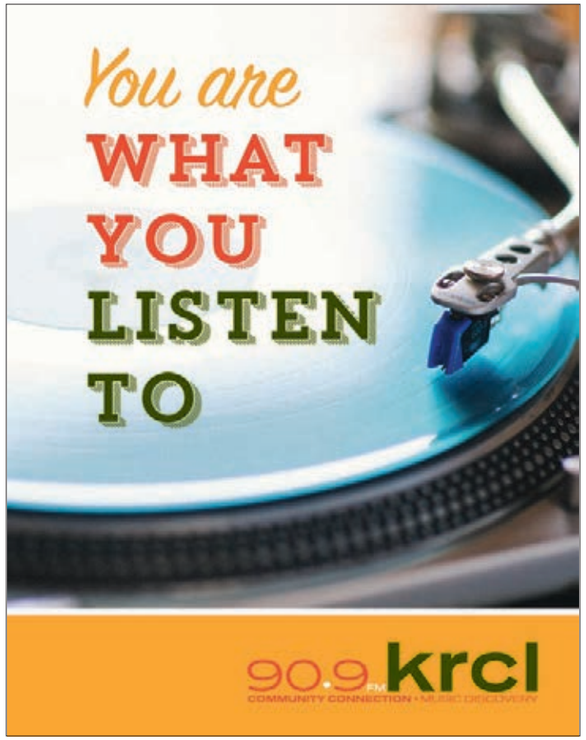
Like the Cebiche Fusion, The Piqueo Norteño ($19) is a great option for those who want to get a taste of multiple house specialties. The dish includes a serving of Cebiche Classico, a less adventurous but equally delicious alternative to the aforementioned ceviches; Jalea Mixta, a pile of deep-fried calamari, fish and octopus—crispy and light, despite its preparation method; and Arroz con Mariscos, which is a salty and flavorful paella-type dish that is prepared with the usual seafood suspects.

Though *Del Mar al Lago* prides itself on its selection of seafood, the Lomo Saltado ($14) is a hearty and satisfying option for folks who are craving a bit of red meat. Lomo Saltado is a sizable helping of a beef and vegetable stir-fry served on a bed of house fries and a baseball-sized scoop of white rice. The beef was cooked well, just a bit overdone for my taste, and the stir-fried tomatoes provided a nice pop of sweetness amid the beef's umami flavors.

Based on my experiences with *Del Mar al Lago*, it's no surprise that it has claimed the "Best Discovery" award from *Salt Lake Magazine*'s prestigious Dining Awards, along with a nod from *City Weekly*'s Best Of Utah Awards. It's a great destination for all breeds of diner—from the casual folks who are looking for something unique yet accessible to the hardcore foodies who find themselves jonesing for some expertly prepared ceviche.









GOING TANDEM BIKE PROM 2014

By LeAundra Jeffs
leaundrajeffs@gmail.com





Photo: Matthew Windsor

(L—R) Andrew Fillmore and Jace Burbidge in their creative *Bike Prom* garb, ready to have some fun and raise funds for the *Salt Lake City Bicycle Collective*.

The aromatic month of May is once again dedicated completely to our city's most sustainable form of transportation: cycling. The *Salt Lake City Bicycle Collective* is holding their fourth annual *Bike Prom* at *Pierpont Place* on May 10 at 8 p.m. after an open invitation ride around the city. I sat down with this year's organizer, **Jace Burbidge**, and discussed the ins and outs of what this event is all about.

Bike Prom is a community-oriented gathering focused on creating cohesion between different members of the cycling community. "The whole idea behind it is to give an opportunity for all facets of the *Collective* to see each other, whether it's people riding $1,000 road bikes, doing the MS ride, or the bike punk kids," Burbidge says. This allows people who wouldn't normally interact to get a glimpse of how other aspects of the *Collective* work.

The pre-prom bike ride, which meets at *Liberty Park* at 6 p.m., is a leisurely paced cruise through the city which is open to riders of all ages and abilities, from families to fixie freaks. "Anyone who wants to go is welcome. People are encouraged to ride trick bikes, tall bikes and tandems. It's all ages and families are included. It serves as an introduction to get everyone socially involved and tries to help people get used to riding in groups around the city," says Burbidge.

Beyond community cohesion, any excess cash will be funneled directly back into the *Collective*, which will supplement various charitable programs. "All the money in excess from the ticket sales goes back to the *Collective*, which supports children's groups and goodwill programs," he says. These programs are enriching, especially for low-income and at-risk groups. "We have an *Earn A Bike Program* where kids learn how to take a bike apart or about road safety, and at the end, get to take a bike home with them. We also have a goodwill program where we bring new refugees or people going through drug rehab down to the shop and get them on a bike for free," Burbidge says.

The pre-prom bike ride will incorporate Burbidge's favorite aspects from other popular rides around the city. "At the *Bike Party* they're always having a good time, but it's very law abiding and strict. Then you have the *999* or *Midnight Mystery Rides* that are very much all over the place and drunken. We want to encourage both in a safe, functional environment," Burbidge says.

During the prom, there will be a silent auction for various *Collective* artifacts and my personal favorite, the Archetype Bike. "We got this fancy tandem in a couple of months ago—it just screams these neon-pink and blue colors. It's nice enough where we could definitely sell it in the shop, but we decided instead to auction it off at the event," Burbidge says. They'll also be auctioning off one of their old workbenches and a bike that was on exhibit at *The Leonardo*. It comes with a photo explosion that shows all the parts and what donations they came from.

Burbidge had some interesting stories from last year, a few of which involved some notable choices of attire. "You can tell the people who haven't worn their prom gear since prom, like it's been 10 or 20 years and they try to fit back into it, which is excellent. We've also seen a few people who have built tuxes and dresses out of bike parts, tubes and the like. We definitely encourage creativity with outfits, but there is no dress code," he says. The bit about bike parts has given me some amusing ideas, and I can't wait to see what garb the night has in store.

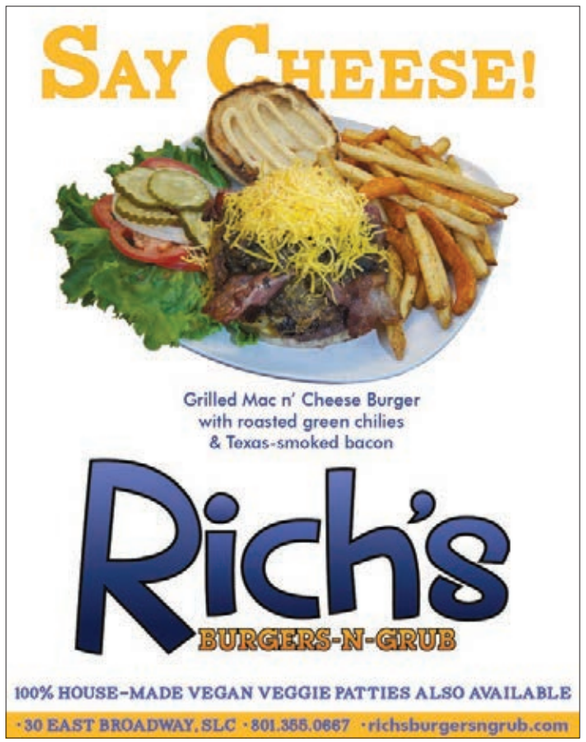
In the spirit of your archetypal prom, there will be refreshments and even an area for bicycle- themed couples or group pictures. "We have the classic photos in the back corner, and we decided to use [the Archetype Bike] so we could do it on a tandem. We got an interior designer this year, and she promised to do the quintessential prom backdrop," says Burbidge. Unlike your inevitably awkward high school prom night, *Bike Prom* will feature some "adult" elements to keep things—while, not by-default, smooth—engaging. "*Bike Prom* is a conglomeration of the things you loved about high school prom, getting to dress up and dance with your friends, combined with adult things like the ability to have a drink and some decent music," says Burbidge. If you want to go all out, *Especially For You* is providing $5 corsages and $3 boutonnieres for those who preorder tickets.

With May barreling down the calendar, lassoing in a date or a group of friends should be a top priority. This isn't your conservative high school prom, so feel free to be as creative as possible. Burbidge says, "If you want to show up to prom in a gold Speedo, that's perfect." The *Collective* is also on the lookout for volunteers, if you're interested in getting a free ticket or being involved in the organization process. For more information about volunteering, you can call the *Collective* directly at 801-FATBIKE, or visit their Facebook page, *facebook.com/Salt-Lake-Bike-Collective*.









Upright Piano Fuses with Man on Bike

By Brinley Froelich
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Photo: Michael Portanda

It's sad for me to admit this, but no matter how thick my thighs may expand, I will never understand how to truly conquer an incline on a bike. While I already start to feel defeated enough when I have to add a tiny backpack to my body, slowing me down to a meager crawl, when someone zips on past me while I'm panting and heaving and traveling slower than I can walk, the last thing my little ego would want to see is a biker with an upright piano in tow.

My shortcomings aside, it's stimulating to see someone in town who can expand our perceptions of what a performance is and where those performances can take place, and **Eric Rich** is doing just that. Inspired by friends in the band **Blackbird Raum**, Rich thought he would take busking to the *Downtown Farmers Market* with a newfound love of composing piano songs. By melding bike riding with piano playing, he's created a rich atmosphere of music on the streets in a way that allows him to work on conquering his performance anxiety while sharing a formal talent in an informal environment.

Rich's musical inclinations began when he started playing in hardcore punk bands, and he picked up the keyboard and piano about eight years ago to fill in for some recordings. He said that while he was in Alaska, someone introduced him to a different type of music, which started him on the track he currently rides on, approaching contemporary styles of songwriting à la **Steve Reich**. With the piano bike, Rich says that "it opened up a gateway for composition for me," allowing him to work not only on solo piano compositions, but quartets and ensembles for up to nine musicians.

While the history of the pianobike thus far has generally stuck with the weekly farmers market, Rich has plans to expand the areas he travels to with a new piano setup, backed by his recent crowd-sourced project on Kickstarter. With the help of his brother, he found a Yamaha on the KSL classifieds and started welding a new integration system. The learning process has happened organically, as Rich and the people he works with find the devil in the details throughout the construction of the system. Of the new bike, Rich says, "The piano itself is lighter, which is surprising because it's not much smaller. The whole bike is integrated into the system, so it's not a trailer and a bike: It's one system that works together." Rich's previous pianobike featured the two wheels of his bicycle that pulled his four-wheeled trailer with a ball hitch. "The old wheels on the trailer were non-pneumatic, so it was solid rubber all the way through, which I thought was great because you wouldn't have to worry about pumping them up or anything, but they didn't roll very easily, and they're heavy."

After the Kickstarter project (which received more funding than what he projected), he's since felt the support of the community through donations, not only of time spent on the construction of the bike, but of an enclosed trailer to store the piano bike while not in use. "I had 3,000 dollars in my pocket to go buy a new [trailer], and I called my dad, and this very generous neighbor decided to donate their trailer. That's been one of the biggest surprises: the overall generosity of people in building something like this, just wanting to help," Rich says.

Despite having some extra lining in his wallet, the added funding ended up helping in the long run due to misunderstandings along the way with a combination of miscalculations during the manufacturing process. While explaining the development of creating the new system, Rich observed that the people who were giving him advice on how to build it were not really on track with what he wanted or what would work best. "I wanted to listen to people because I'm not an expert," he says, but in the end, "I spent a lot of money that didn't actually get to go into it that was wasted in the process of learning what I want to do."

Of his performances, Rich envisions a day when he can extend his repertoire of locations to perform at and musicians to play with. While playing weekly Saturdays with friend **Corbin Baldwin** at the *Downtown Farmers Market* is currently his only solidified plan, he hopes that someday he can travel across the country with this contraption, whether that be by carting the piano via trailer, or someday by riding the bike (with piano attached) itself—if new carbon-fiber technology can make it light enough. Follow his journey by finding him on Facebook, or keep up with him by visiting his website at *ericrichmusic.com*.

Eric Rich successfully crowd-sourced funding for his new pianobike, in which the piano is infused to the frame for easy busking at the *Downtown Farmers Market*!





Aggie Blue Bikes Shop manager Katie Harker (L) and Program Coordinator Stephanie Tomlin (R) have pushed bicycles to provide for a better environment in Cache Valley.

Photo: Jake Vivori

Aggie Blue Bikes

Logan's Mission Conscious Bike Shop

By Andrea Silva *franqie.slime@gmail.com*

While Salt Lake is heavily laden with a rich cyclist subculture, it's easy to forget that beyond the city limits, the trend of living green and working to improve air quality is spreading. *Aggie Blue Bikes* (*ABB*), a bike-rental program, initially started by members of the *Utah State University* community, is the poster child for taking on a cause with no reservations. **Stephanie Tomlin**, the program coordinator of *ABB*, invited *SLUG* to come out to see the shop and explore what they have created for their community. On the surface, it's a simple rental program that offers bikes as a reliable, sustainable form of transportation for three months at a time at no cost to the users. The volume of commitment and drive required to sustain the program creates a backdrop that provokes waves of inspiration.

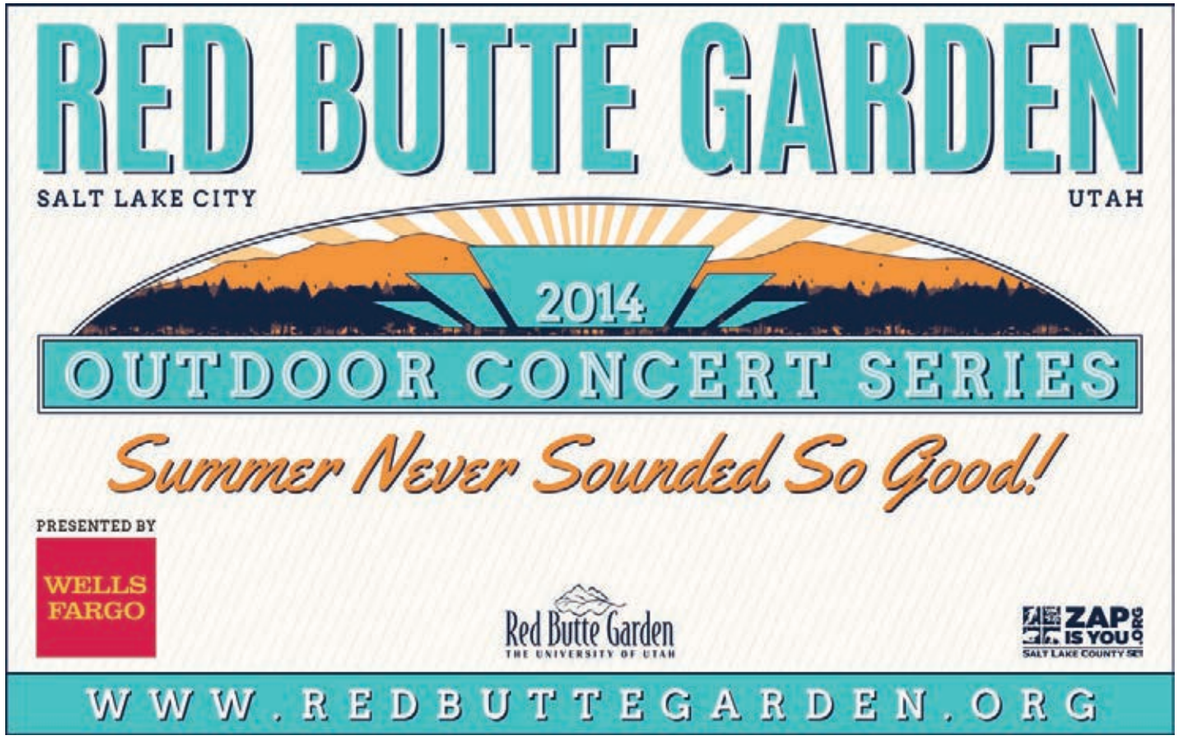
I arrived at the *ABB* shop earlier than anticipated and had an opportunity to observe the employees at work. Everyone was warm and welcoming, introducing themselves then returning diligently to various bike projects. I couldn't help but notice the genuine joviality infused into the store. When Tomlin arrived, she reintroduced **Katie Harker**, the shop manager, and the three of us tucked ourselves away into Tomlin's office to try to fully translate the story of *ABB*. "The original intent was focused around air quality in Cache Valley. We have some of the worst air quality in the entire nation (during various times of the year). A huge factor of that is emissions—personal miles in vehicles being the biggest problem," said Tomlin. A group of concerned students, staff and faculty pulled together with the goal of softening the generally prohibitive bike policies at *Utah State University*. While bikes weren't completely banned, there wasn't much access beyond the main arteries on campus. After pushing for new policies that allowed bikes throughout the campus, the prospect of providing sustainable transportation that could be integrated into everyday life begat the current system.

While the *ABB*'s services are numerous, the program is centered on renting out bikes for beneficial amounts of time. The renters are allowed an option of renting the bikes daily or for a three-month interval. During the three-month rental, the bikes are required to come in every two weeks for regular maintenance. There are also tool boards available for students to come in and fix any issues that may arise. All the bikes are donated, stripped down, built back up and painted. To practice conservation of resources, no new parts are bought for the three-month rentals. This allows incomplete bikes to be broken down and used for other bikes, keeping the rental program free. In addition to not buying new parts, *ABB* doesn't carry parts for sale. While, at first, this may seem counter-productive, it serves a vital purpose—preventing competition with local bike stores. This allows the perpetuation of supporting local businesses and, in turn, helps maintain community support. In addition to mechanical services, one-on-one tutorials are also offered. "Rather than having classes or big group sessions where you're brushing over a variety of topics, [tutorials] provide you with exactly what you need," says Harker.

Tomlin feels strongly about keeping *ABB* separate from the *University*'s recreational program. For Tomlin, it's truly important that their standpoint is one coming from a commuter's view and helping improve air quality. Giving an example of the program's commitment to this cause, she says, "At one point, we were asked to move over and be a part of campus rec. I said no. Right now, we're a part of the center of civic engagement and service learning, which is a part of the student sustainability office, and [*ABB* is] always reconnecting with that and making sure that is always a part of the mission." Despite their relevant and ambitious goals, the shop faces struggles with funding. While *ABB* currently receives $2.75 from every student's fees included in tuition, a growing following has provided the need for an expansion. The shop can hardly accommodate demand at times, in terms of space.

As we continued talking about the start of *ABB* and the idea of being able to provide transportation that can be relied on for an extended period of time, the excitement was tangible the voices of Tomlin and Harker. Their authentic belief in the program was contagious. I found myself dismissing my previous misconceptions of biking—that cyclists consisted of two groups: those who had no other choice but to bike, and those for whom biking took on a competitive outlook. Recognizing the benefits of biking from an environmental perspective, I started getting pumped on buying a bike of my own.

When I expressed my own curiosity about getting involved with the program, Harker told me about the community memberships: "It's $40 for a whole year, which is the cost of a tune-up in most shops. So you can learn from us how to do it, and continue to use our services. With that, you can do everything a student can," she says. *ABB* provides every service short of riding the bike for you. As someone who was entirely ignorant on the benefits of biking, I left *Aggie Blue Bikes* feeling educated and inspired to start my own transition into the bicycle counterculture. You can find more information about *Aggie Blue Bikes* at *usu.edu/abb*.





ROLLING WITH MAYOR RALPH BECKER

By Esther Meroño • *esther@slugmag.com*

Salt Lake City has seen a sizable increase in bike-friendly programs and infrastructures the past few years, thanks to pedal pusher Mayor Ralph Becker and his team of cycling enthusiasts. You won't see Mayor Becker preaching the bicycle's many benefits to our city and its residents, and then riding off into the sunset in a Hummer like you'd expect from most politicians, though. Salt Lake's Mayor lives his word as a dedicated bike commuter himself, riding 2.5 miles to work every day! We picked up some bicycle-commuter tips from the city's pedaling hero himself—and don't miss out on your chance to ride alongside him on Mayor's Bike to Work Day, Tuesday, May 7, meeting at the north end of *Liberty Park* at 7:30 a.m.

SLUG: What's your favorite part of commuting via bicycle?
Becker: Exercise, outdoors, interaction with community members, developing better understanding of our bicycling infrastructure and needs going forward.

SLUG: What kind of bicycle do you prefer to commute with?
Becker: I'll take two-wheel, non-motorized transport of any kind, happily.

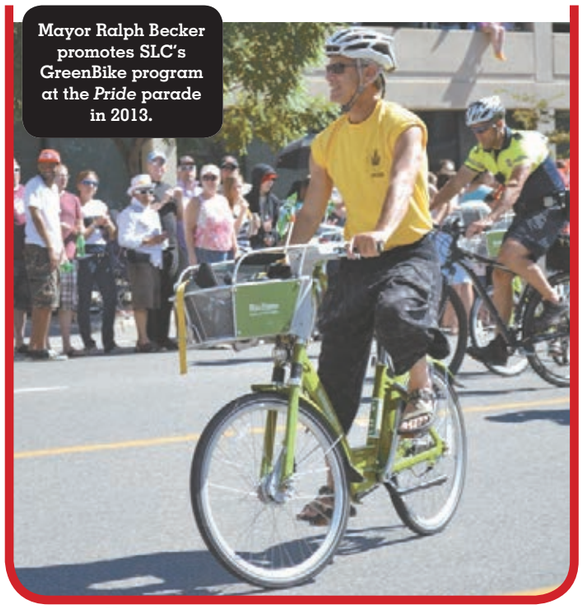
SLUG: What are three must-have accessories/gear for your commute?
Becker: Helmet, lights and not doing anything to get me distracted.

SLUG: Are you a ride-in-a-tie kind of guy, or do you change when you get to work?
Becker: I wear my suit (my uniform) to work and home, but have the advantage of a downhill ride to work. When I get home, I'm usually sweaty, so I strip off my clothes quickly to try to avoid ruining them. I'd wear more suitable biking gear to work and shower and change, but often have meetings to start the day or end the day away from the office.

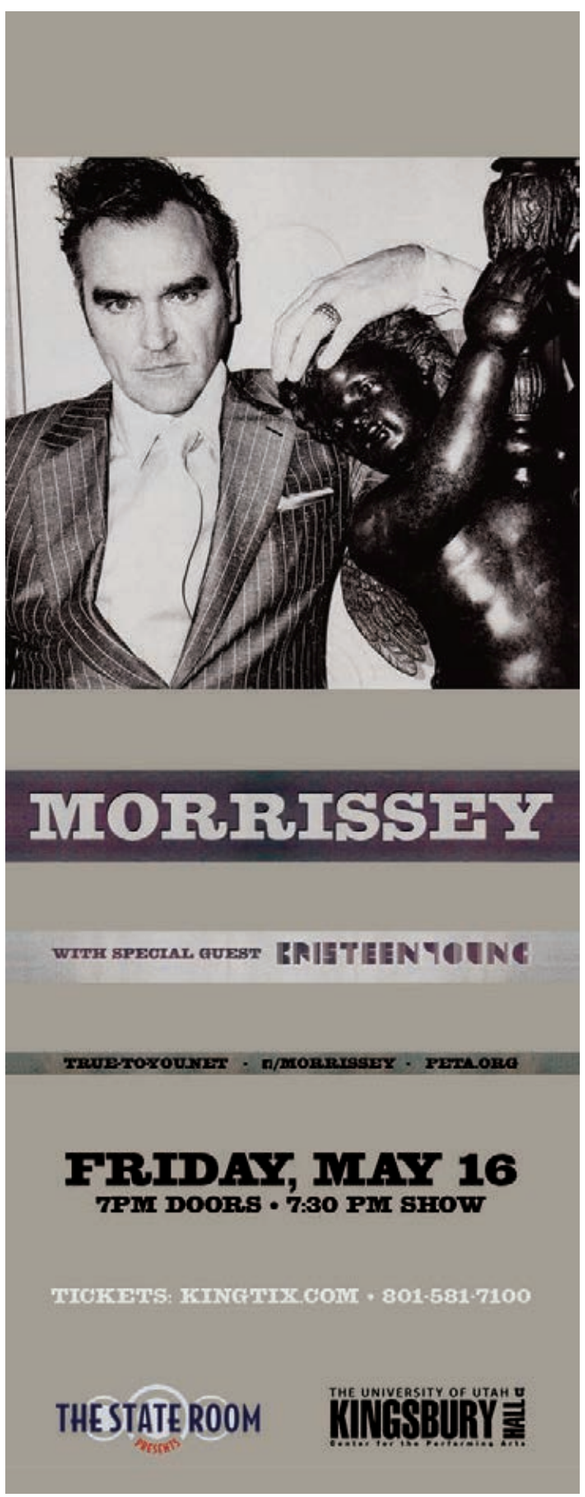
SLUG: What's the most challenging part of your commute?
Becker: Staying alert and being prepared to make changes based on driver behavior.

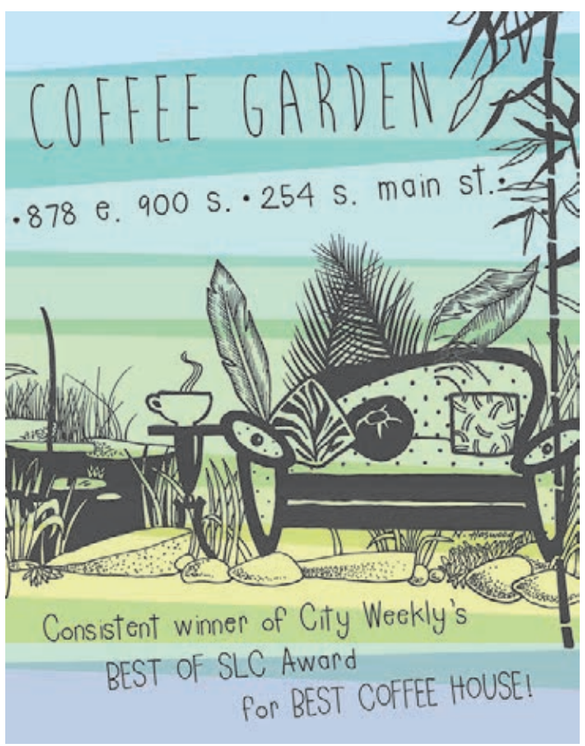
SLUG: What advice can you give to other commuters, or those who want to start commuting via bicycle?
Becker: Please be careful and follow the rules of the road. And, please give us input on how we can make Salt Lake City the great bicycling city it should become.

Find out more on the bicycle initiatives Mayor Becker and his team are working on, along with details on events that they have planned for Bike Month over at *slcgov.com* or *bikeslc.com*.



Mayor Ralph Becker promotes SLC's GreenBike program at the *Pride* parade in 2013.









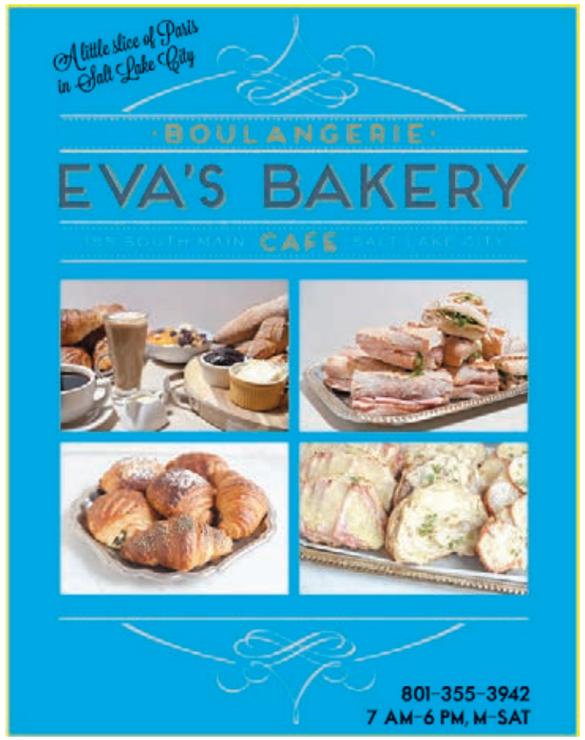




Photo: Helen Leeson

When it came time to move, Brent Hulme, owner of *Salt Lake Bicycle Co.*, kept his bike shop in downtown SLC out of loyalty to his customers and employees.

SLC Bicycle co.

By Esther Meroño
esthermerono@gmail.com

In 2008, on the corner of 2nd and 2nd in Downtown Salt Lake, a beautiful bike shop opened up alongside the booming bicycle community with a definitive name: *Salt Lake Bicycle Company.* The shop was a little intimidating at first for a newbie cyclist like me, with fancy, expensive-looking road bikes hanging in the big windows and a sprawl of gear I knew nothing about, but its staff immediately jumped into the community to prove they were there to serve us little guys, too. My first time inside was during a Ladies Night, where I learned how to fix a flat without getting grease on my hands, met one of my best friends, and bought my very first racing saddle.

You may have noticed that the historic Second and Second building is no longer home to *SLC Bicycle Co.*, but its heart and soul have simply moved a few blocks up! Their new location at 247 S. 500 E. (sharing their north wall with *Urban Lounge*) mimics all of the shop's previous designs and aesthetic in a space that feels more integrated and accessible. "I've looked at probably 20 different buildings in Downtown Salt Lake," says owner and founder **Brent Hulme**. "We found this place and it seemed more homey than we were used to, and it seemed like it would work out really well." Hulme was determined to stay Downtown after the decision was made to move out of the building, though relocating to the 'burbs would have been more economical. "I've always liked it Downtown: I like the urban feel—I like the urban environment. I think that Downtown Salt Lake City is one of the finest cities for riding bikes in the urban setting that I've seen anywhere," he says. "A lot of it is that we've had great customers here that we want to continue to help and serve. They've been good to us, and we'd like to continue to support them and their riding. That's really what it comes down to."

Hulme's dedication to this city and cycling is apparent in the fact that he commutes daily via train and bike from Provo—I've run into him myself a few times in the morning, riding up 200 South. He's been working in the bicycle industry since he was a college kid in the '80s, where his degree in Psychology was pushed aside for his passion for cycling. "The only other job I've had in my adult life was making bagels, and it was so I could save up money to buy another bike," says Hulme. In 2008, he founded the shop after an opportunity presented itself to "change again and invent my own thing," he says, and though the challenges of owning a business in the post-9/11 economy are great, Hulme finds the role worthwhile in itself. "It's not about wealth—it's not really about prestige: If you're gonna do something, do it right, and that's what's been rewarding about this. Everything you see here has something to do with some effort that I've made," he says. Of course, it's his dedication and passion for the perfect machine that drives his business and work ethic, regardless of the long hours and little recognition. "One of the neatest things about the bike industry is that sometimes you see somebody's life just completely change from a bike," says Hulme. "There's a bunch of different ways of riding a bike, but there's very few things in the world that help so many problems. It's such a great solution to so many things that plague our society right now. To me, that's the best thing about bicycles."

Hulme can count all of his passions on one hand, and art is one of them. May 16 marks *Salt Lake Bicycle Co.*'s sixth annual *Bicycle Art Show*, running alongside *Gallery Stroll* in celebration of National Bike Month. "It was a hare-brained idea I had before I even opened the store," says Hulme, who saw the open space of the old location as a perfect venue for a pop-up gallery. He explains that **SaltCycle** founder **Zed Bailey** served as a catalyst for the first show, which has since been curated and organized by Hulme himself during the busy Bike Month.

The *Bicycle Art Show*, or *Gallery Roll*, as it has also been called, provides the bicycle community an outlet to showcase their artistic sides, and for the artistic community to showcase their bicycle sides. Alongside entries from local, amateur visual artists and photographers, highlights have included the large, bold bicycle oil paintings of **Steve Smock**, imaginative sculptures composed of bike parts by **Joe Norman**, charcoal drawings by **Sarah Mannion** and even masking tape murals by **Chad Farnes**—all in celebration of the bicycle. Those interested in submitting to this year's *Bicycle Art Show* should contact the shop at Hulme's email or phone number.

Salt Lake Bicycle Co. has supported this community in a big way over the years—Hulme has never turned me down for sponsorship of an alleycat race or group ride. Alongside the national brands, you will always see local products like **Velo City Bags** and **Tüb**, and not every business owner is willing to open up their space after hours to advance community and art. Head up to their new location on 247 S. 500 E. and give them some love in return, and don't forget to include the *Bicycle Art Show* as a stop on your *Gallery Stroll*, May 16. More info at *slcbike.com*.

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The Salt Lake bike scene has been on a steady incline for the last several years, becoming abundant with bike lanes, flat Downtown terrain and a local government with an interest in the safety of cyclists. As cyclists have increased, there has also been more tension building between cyclists and drivers. Sure, ideally, we would all like to harmoniously share the road, but some drivers can be jerks and, shockingly, so can some cyclists. It's easy to see why some pedalers might get worked up from time to time with cars being really big and heavy and that they occasionally squish people riding bikes who simply want to ride in peace and have a good time. This is what the SLC Bike Party is all about, riding for fun and not being a jerk. *SLUG* joined Bike Party coordinators **Phil Sarnoff** and **Colin Quinn-Hurst** as they set out for one of their monthly rides around the city with a large group of cycling partygoers.

Meeting up at Colin's house, I watched as the two loaded a customized speaker box onto the back of Colin's Yuba Mundo Cargo bike. "On our first ride, we had a smaller Block Rocker stereo that didn't carry sound very well to the whole group of riders, so we built this," Colin said as he secured the large, white speaker box they call "The Violator" onto his cargo rack. The weight of the box lifted the front tire off the ground as Phil explained the beginnings of the SLC Bike Party. He says, "Almost two years ago, there was a concerted effort during Bike Month to hold a ride that was billed as a *Critical Mass* ride, which kind of had a connotation of riders running red lights and blocking intersections and traffic, but a lot of riders wanted to follow the rules … and a lot of people didn't know what was going on. It seemed like people wanted a ride that was following the rules of the road and was still fun."

Phil had seen a bike party while in San Jose and thought the idea could take hold in Salt Lake as a less intense option for cyclists wanting to enjoy a ride in the city with a big group, so he began talking with Colin about getting a party going in Salt Lake. Nearly a year ago this May, they set out on their first bike party, which grew throughout the summer as they continued to hold monthly themed parties on wheels that they primarily promote on Facebook.

Once The Violator was in place and blasting **Kriss Kross**' "Jump," we were off. Colin and Phil certainly brought the party as we headed to the rendezvous spot at the *City County Building* Downtown. People pumped their fists in the air to the music as we passed. The mere sight of our small group on bikes blasting music created the atmosphere of a parade everywhere we went, and we hadn't even met with the other riders yet.

Arriving at the City County Building, we found a group of 20 or so other riders waiting for us. Each ride has a theme, and tonight's was "Thrift Store Fashion Show." Some riders sported shabby-looking jackets with mismatched pants and crazy hats. After a group photo, Phil took a moment to recap the general rules of the road before the group set out. **Will Smith**'s "Summertime" a bit preemptively yet, nonetheless, appropriately blared out of The Violator as we all straddled our bikes and pedaled into the warm evening air. There was no specific route in mind for the night, but no one seemed to care as some riders waved an arm to the music or moved their heads rhythmically as they rode. "Originally, we tried planning the routes," Phil says, "but eventually, we decided to just have Colin lead the group, since he has the music and probably knows Salt Lake City better that anyone I know."

Colin described a typical ride as roughly eight miles, and takes just around two hours as the party weaves throughout the Salt Lake grid. "This is a great ride for all abilities and ages. If you slow down, we'll wait," he says.


Photo: Dalena Tran

Colin Quinn-Hurst leads the Bike Party, pulling "The Violator" speaker box that pumps the jams.

We rode toward South Temple and then toward *City Creek* and the *Temple*. Not a horn was heard, and the only screams we heard from onlookers were enthusiastic or singing along with The Violator. Our ride continued on through *The Gateway Mall* and then back up to Main Street as we all enjoyed the cooling air and an amazing sunset. Periodically, a rider or two would drop off, only to be replaced with another random, two-wheeled companion who happened to be passing by, and within moments, we were all singing together like old friends. Colin and Phil modeled the friendly atmosphere well as they greeted all in sight and quickly got to know all who rode beside them. After our ride took us through *Liberty Park* and back to the *City County Building*, all riders had dropped off, and as Phil, Colin, and I took a moment to take in the evening, something that Phil had mentioned earlier really set in for me. "I never made a friend because I was driving in my car." I knew then that I would be back again next month to ride, sing and party.

The SLC Bike Party meets once a month, and to find information on upcoming rides and themes, you can follow them on Facebook at *facebook.com/SLCBikeParty*.



Frame of Reference

MATERIAL

STOCK OR PATTERN NO.

PIECE NO.

DO NOT SCALE

BY SEAN ZIMMERMAN-WALL | SEANZDUB@GMAIL.COM

"As a kid, I had a dream—I wanted to own my own bicycle. When I got the bike, I must have been the happiest boy in Liverpool, maybe the world. I lived for that bike. Most kids left their bike in the backyard at night. Not me. I insisted on taking mine indoors and the first night I even kept it in my bed." –John Lennon

The bicycle has a place in the annals of history and the hearts of anyone who has ever had the pleasure of riding one. The freedom it exemplifies and the simplistic motion of circles turning circles carries the rider toward countless opportunities throughout a lifetime. For many, a bike may be a form of conveyance or a method of exercise. But for those individuals who truly see the bicycle as mankind's perfect machine, there is special meaning and attachment that transcends tradition.

Michael Crum is one such individual. His affinity for bicycles began during his childhood in the small town of Mountain Home, Ark. During his high school years, Crum competed as a trials rider (a discipline that involves performing gravity-defying feats of balance and timing) and enjoyed mountain biking. At age 19, an article he read in a cycling magazine about building frames intrigued him. These interests led him to attend the *United Bicycle Institute* and study a variety of techniques from frame building to mechanics and even shop management. "I learned how to build a frame at *UBI*, but at that point, I shouldn't have really been building bikes for people. I was young and not very focused," said Crum.

He came out of those courses and decided to move on to art school in Memphis, Tenn. Dabbling in metal sculpture allowed Crum to refine his techniques and learn more about processes and materials. After accruing more mileage outside of school, Crum volunteered at a small bicycle co-op and worked as a shop rat at various places. It was in this environment that his passion for cycling was allowed to blossom further. "A customer at a shop I worked for took an interest in me and understood my aspiration to be a frame builder," said Crum.

With financial backing to procure tooling and materials, *Magnolia Cycles* was born. Crum began building custom bike frames and was able to keep his business going for a short time before the economic collapse of 2008. Although his frames were one of a kind and quite aesthetic, the market for his items grew smaller. He continued working in the cycling industry in various capacities, and eventually wound up moving to Salt Lake City. During the 2012 *Twilight Concert Series*, Crum was retrieving his bike from the valet when a volunteer noticed his elegant machine. That volunteer happened to be the Executive Director of the *Salt Lake Bicycle Collective* at the time, **Jonathan Morrison**, and he inquired about Crum's experience as a frame builder. The two got to talking, and Crum was offered to come share his knowledge and become an instructor for the newly added frame-building class at the *Collective*.

Crum helped the organizers revamp their syllabus and even sold his tooling to the *Collective* in an effort to make the course more accessible for the average cyclist.

The current incarnation of the frame building class revolves around a comprehensive two- or three-month program where aspiring builders can learn the fundamentals. Class sizes are limited to six students and two instructors, and the cost is about $1,000. From week one, the students begin by taking their body measurements and creating a drawing of what their frame will look like. Then they cut the steel tubing to size and begin the intricate process of constructing the frame.

The goal of the course is to instruct students in the methods of lugged construction. This technique is relatively basic and can be learned in the time allotted. A lug is a way of fitting the tubing together using a metal sleeve at each joint. Students begin by constructing the front triangle out of four pieces of tubing and lugs. They then use a bonding agent to fuse the joints and create a solid piece of metal. The process is repeated for the rear triangle. Once the frame is completely lugged and bonded, the finishing touches and cleanup are performed. Each frame is unique and customized to each student and can be painted locally or left au naturel.

Each participant can now build the frame up as they please, using components of their choosing. They are also encouraged to utilize the *Collective*'s facilities and staff to help them along the way. Once complete, it's time to ride. "It's exhilarating and a little nerve-wracking, taking a frame you built out for its first ride," says Crum.

The *Collective* will be offering their frame-building course starting around the beginning of summer. Although still in its infancy, the program has a lot of potential, and the goal is to offer several classes that focus on other frame-building techniques, like fillet brazing. These additional options will, hopefully, attract repeat students who want to try their hand at something a bit more challenging. "I love the craftsmanship and hands-on experience of building a frame, and it's great when you get to have a finished product to keep at the end of it all," said Crum.

For more info about upcoming courses, check out *bicyclecollective.org* or stop by the shop at 2312 S. West Temple.



Michael Crum has helped the *SLC Bicycle Collective* facilitate a top-of-the-art frame-building course, serving as the instructor.

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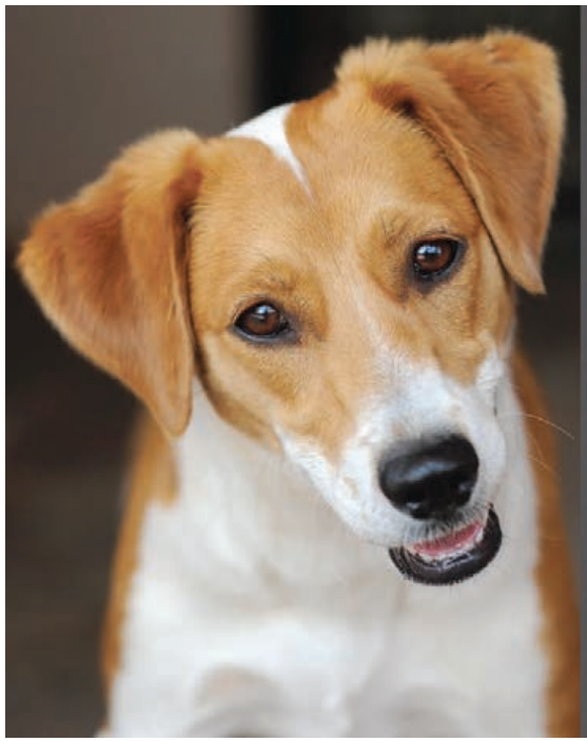

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PHOTO FEATURE

By Matthew Windsor
matthewwindsorphoto.com



Brady Tweedy—Over Toothpick—SLC, Utah

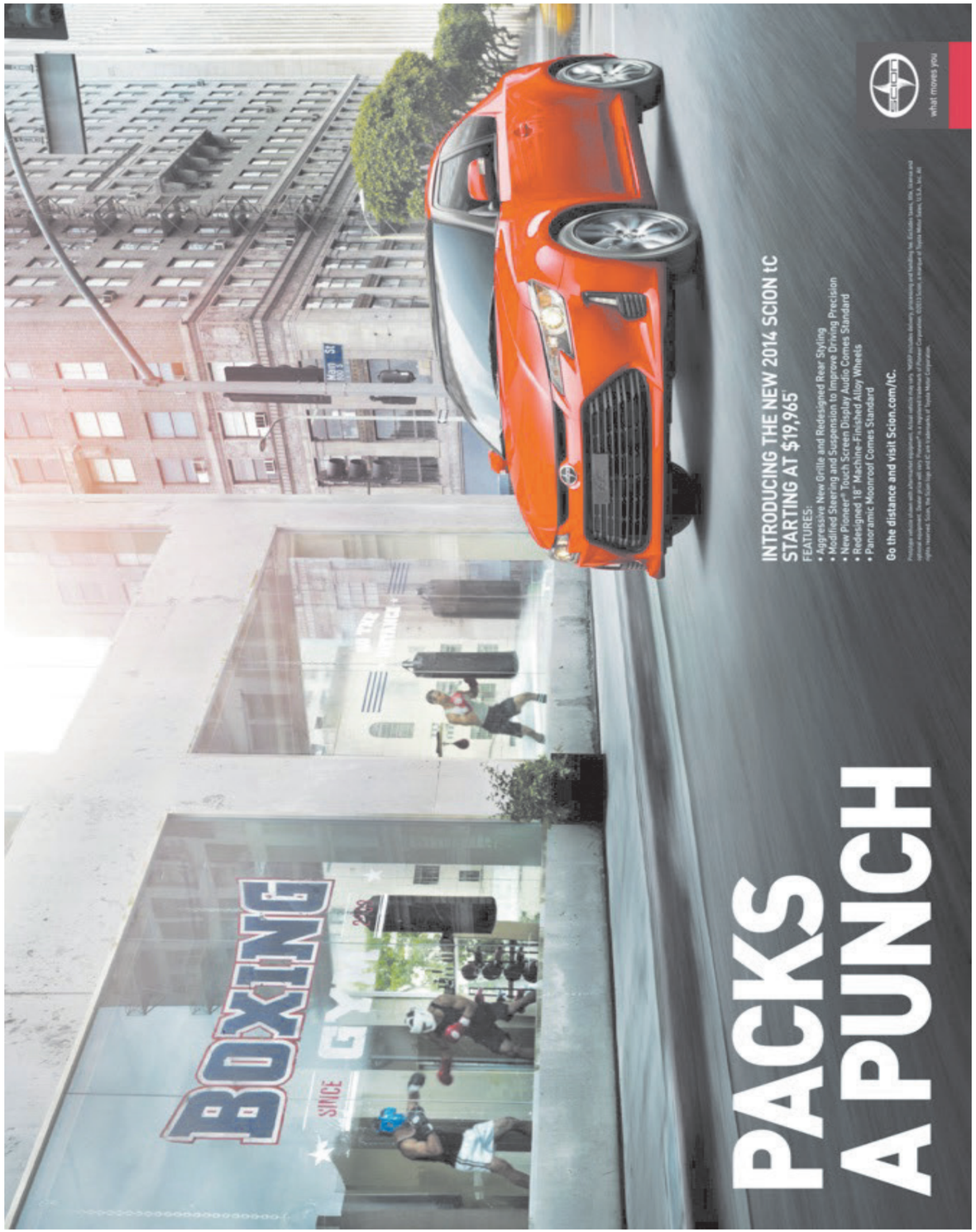
There were a lot of factors keeping us from getting this photo. We spent the early afternoon dodging the rain, almost resigning ourselves to an indoor park infested with scoot rats. Right before we met up to shoot, one of Brady's friends took it on a kinked rail and chipped his tooth and broke his back. After taking that dude to go get checked out, Brady came back out ready to go, only to get postponed again by more rain, a family emergency and the "Local Neighborhood Do-Gooder," who happened to walk by and tell us that Brady's [plastic] pegs were causing destruction of private property to this ever-so-fragile [metal] rail. Still, with all of these factors working against us, Brady dropped this down the rail first try. It was one of those rare occasions where I knew we had the shot as soon as I saw the strobes light him up. Brady is an insane rider and an awesome dude to chill with, and you can't really beat that combination in a person.

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Christian Bourne, frontside tailslide.

Salt Lake City's next generation of **Sk801** rippers is here, seeking out all of the tracked and untracked territory that this city has to offer, and **Christian Bourne** is one of them. Already making a name for himself locally and out of state, Bourne is a charging, street-annihilating machine at the ripe age of 18. Growing up for the most part in Salt Lake and following the Sk801 rippers around him, Bourne is a kid who is hyped to be on his skateboard with his friends. A mellow dude off his skateboard and an absolute animal on one (kid straight-up broke a handrail on a back lip attempt), Bourne and I found some time to chat at *Fairmont Park* while we watched the rest of his crew tear up the park. Keep this name in mind for sure.

First thing's first: Let's do a rundown of the companies backing Bourne. LurkVille Skateboards, for starters, is a company based out of San Diego that was started in 2010 with an absolutely ripping team and some super-cool gear to boast. A banger of a video came out last year from these guys called *Meet the Lurkers*, wherein Bourne had a part in the flow section. Plain and simple, "LurkVille is the shit," says Bourne. He also keeps his feet feeling good with a flow hookup from *Fallen Footwear*. Locally, Bourne keeps it real for *Blindside Skate Shop* on a ripping roster including some of his good friends. A Salt Lake local at heart, Bourne gets down at parks like 9th and 9th and Sojo, and of course, gets after it in the streets as well. "Salt Lake is tight!" says Bourne. "It is a lot of good people having some good times."

With the factoids out of the way, let's get down to business. Bourne is a "for the homies" kind of kid who thrives off of the excitement of his friends each and every day. "Watching skate videos and watching my friends get tricks that are gnarly gets me hyped. My friends definitely influence me the most, and all of the OG Sk801 kids. Guys like **Colin Brophy**, **Sam Hubble** and **Holland Redd**—all those dudes are the best," he says. As far as the film game goes, Bourne's first major skate part was in the latest Sk801 video, *Die High or Hell Ride*. Filmed primarily by the late **Colton Ericksen**, a dear friend of Bourne's, this part holds a special and inspirational

place in Bourne's life. "We are working on the newest [Sk801] video called *Zorch Life*. That was going to be Colton's next video, so I'm really hyped about that," he says. With that project in the works, Bourne is also currently filming for his friends at *Prestige Skate Shop* out of Boise, Idaho, and sharing the part with close friends **Carson** and **Cameron Parkinson**. Keep an eye out for both videos, and support these guys for putting in their work.

The Sk801 culture has been an important part in Bourne's skate-dentity from the start. Bourne recalls the premiere of Sk801's *Four Down* a couple of years back: "They premiered it at the *Gallivan Center* back in 2009 with, like, 3,000 people there. That was my first premiere and it was the best thing ever!" he says. This excitement has left a longtime impression on Bourne and helped shape the skater that he is today. When asked what Sk801 means to him, Bourne gave the rundown: "It's just the homies meeting up and skating, having good times, partying and filming," he says. For the future, Bourne's plan is to be in it for the long haul. With graduation in his near future, the time to skate will increase, as well as his potential to get his name out. "I'm going to try to keep filming as much as I can and keep taking photos," Bourne says. "I'm just too hyped on skating and it is just too much fun. Happiness comes first, for sure." Bourne also has hopes of getting into some more contests with some support from his sponsors (get this kid a ride!).

With a positive outlook and a skate-driven mindset, Bourne's future on four wheels is looking prosperous. His humble attitude and gratitude toward those who helped him progress is an ode to the kind of kid Bourne is. "I have to say thank you to Colton 'Toner' Ericksen, of course, **Kyle Wilcox**, **Mack Sharff**, Carson Parkinson and Cameron Parkinson, and all the older Sk801 homies, too," he says. Speaking with guys like Bourne reminds me of how thriving the skate scene is here in Salt Lake City. With great weather, variety of terrain and a progressive skate scene, it is hard to ignore the talent coming out of this city. Check out Bourne's mind-blowing maneuvers in the *LurkVille*, Sk801 and *Prestige* videos. Also make sure to follow/support/stalk Bourne on his Instagram *@BourneBourne* to see the madness that he calls life.



Christian Bourne, frontside bluntslide.



Christian Bourne, ollie.

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CREATURE FEATURE: THE BAD KIDS COLLECTIVE ENTERS THEIR TERRIBLE TWOS

Christian Schultz | christian@slugmag.com



(L–R) Harry-it Winston, Tony Berrow, Cartel Chameleon Fenicé (host), Lisa Dank, Sissy Riot and Allison Martin are a few Bad Kids involved in their recent pageant preliminaries at *Club Metro*.

Since the summer of 2012, the **Bad Kids Collective** has shaken up Salt Lake's drag scene, made connections with the global genderfuck community and established a home for queer artists at *Metro Bar*. Now, at "terrible" 2 years old, *SLUG* catches up with founding braintrust **Cartel Chameleon Fenicé** and performers **Jezebel Jet** and **The Bearded Femme** about where they've been, where they're headed and why their approach to gender-integrated performance art is a vital force in queer Utah.

"The whole purpose of the Bad Kids was to smash any idea of what drag was, period," says Cartel, whose name describes the collective flawlessly. "I had been told that I was doing [drag] wrong and that I would never be successful at it," she explains. Alongside best friend **Klaus von Austerlitz**, Cartel went out into Salt Lake's nightlife wearing confrontational makeup and bizarre outfits. "We would go out in looks that would shock and anger people because we were angry."

What began as a small group of friends challenging Salt Lake's gay club scene has now blossomed into a thriving home. *Metro Bar*'s Dance Evolution, hosted by **Jeffery Hacker** on Thursday nights—along with the help of Bad Kids—has attracted the hippest, most varied club crowd in Salt Lake. "It's been really uplifting for us as a collective that we're gaining more exposure," says Jezebel about their well-earned success. Their local success has manifested in the positioning of Salt Lake City on the national gender performance circuit, which now brings a variety of nationally recognized gender performers into town every month.

The group's numbers swelled when Klaus and Cartel decided, as a joke, to host their own pageant last spring, which established Jezebel, The Bearded Femme, and the pageant's winner, **Mae Daye** (crowned "Teen Scream, Baddest Kid of All"), as next-generation trailblazers within the collective. While planning this year's pageant, the Bad Kids were faced with an overwhelming number of applicants and, rather than turn anyone away, two preliminary shows were held in addition to the main event, to be held on June 5. The pageant, which is meant to be fun and fluid, actually establishes meaningful titles within Utah's QLGBT community for young performers to aspire to.

With all-inclusion as their M.O., The Bad Kids truly operate as a collective of diverse performers and ontologically questioning artists. "If any single core person were to be taken out of it," Cartel says—Jezebel finishes to say, that "it wouldn't be the same." Cartel continues, "That's why it's a collective, because we function so well together and we bounce ideas off of each other—we become inspired by each other." This mindset ensures that each show features a rotating cast of performers, which also allows for performers to take time off in between shows without denting the group's quality.

Each Bad Kid interprets performance in their own ways, with their own unique styles and talents. "It's taking drag and making it punk—that's the art of it," says The Bearded Femme. "You're taking pieces of pop culture, recontextualizing them and making it personal. You can take these things, and it may have not been the original artist's intention, but you're putting your own twist on it, exploring your own body," he says to Jezebel about a recent performance.

What sets the Bad Kids apart from previous Utah drag circles is the disregard of that unholy component of conventional drag—shade. "We're genuinely friends," Cartel says. "I think that other drag communities envy that because they're so mean to each other." While some cliques within queer communities police their queerness to the point of mimicking the mainstream culture they set out to oppose in the first place, the Bad Kids open up dialogues between disenfranchised minorities through performance art. The Bearded Femme says, "That's where we connect, in that disenfranchisement."

The biggest reason for disenfranchisement within queer culture for the Bad Kids is their unflinching approach to non-binary drag. The term "drag" itself is old-fashioned. "That word is like a hot coal that we don't want to hold for too long," says Cartel, who explains that what the Bad Kids do isn't necessarily drag. Rather, it's performance art. Her intent is not to look pretty or "fishy"—"it's to make people think," she declares. In turn, The Bearded Femme says, "We want to make people uncomfortable," and Jezebel maintains that their performative discomfort can only push them to evolve as artists.

If you think you could be a Bad Kid, feel free to contact any one of them, and don't be afraid to put yourself out there. *Metro* is 21+, but the group includes underage performers as much as possible. "We are the drag scene now," The Bearded Femme says. "Because we've taken this all-inclusive model, there's room for everyone. We have every flavor and it's awesome. It makes our shows consistently interesting 'cause you're never going to get the same thing."

This year's pageant, titled *Ghouls and Dolls*, takes place on June 5, headlining *Metro Bar*'s 2014 Utah Pride Festival festivities. Members of The Bad Kids Collective will also participate in *SLUG*'s second annual *SLUG Cat* on May 24, which features *Metro Bar* as one of its stops.

SLUG's online column, "Creature Feature," has followed the Bad Kids from their beginning to the brilliant, thriving queer constellation it continues to be. Find everything "Creature Feature"—interviews, photo galleries and performance reviews—online at *slugmag.com/columns/creature-feature*.

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***SLUG* asked *CrucialFest* Head Festival Organizer Jarom Bischoff: What were your objectives for getting bands for this year's *CrucialFest 4*?**

There are four types of bands that I will always seek to include in *CrucialFest*. First, big-name, national touring bands like **Red Fang**, **Big Business**, **Kowloon Walled City**, **Helms Alee**, and **Call Of The Void**. These bands help the festival grow and gain recognition, and they're enlivening. Second, up-and-coming touring bands. These are bands that you may or may not have heard of, but when you see them, you won't likely forget who they are again. Third, local reunions! I always want *CrucialFest*'s main focus to be on celebrating Salt Lake City's music culture, past and present. We've had a number of reunions or pseudo-reunions each year. This year we have **Parallax**, **Iceburn**, **Borasca**, and **Rail Spike** (I think that's it). So yeah, if you know who those bands are, [I] guarantee you're pumped! And lastly, but most importantly, solid locals, the bread and butter of *CrucialFest*!

Check out the rest of the interview with Bischoff at *SLUGMag.com*, and get pumped for *CF4*, and check out our interviews of three incoming acts sure to help make it one to remember!

GAYTHEIST

Jason Rivera, Vocals/Guitar

For people who aren't familiar with Gaytheist, people who are deaf, or both, how would you describe your sound?

Loud, fast, heavy. Fun, ridiculous, drumgasms. For the deaf, I would leave out the loud part.

***Hold Me ... But Not So Tight* is your fourth studio album—how do you think your sound has progressed since signing to Good To Die two albums ago?**

We are a little bit more self-critical. The first two albums were written and recorded over the course of four months … We just wanted some quick punk/hardcore/metal songs that were fun to play. Now, we are challenging ourselves a bit more, but not too much. I have to be able to sing over what I play, so that limits me a bit (but not [**Tim Hoff**] and [**Nick Parks**]—they go ape-shit writing rad stuff over my simple riffs)

Stephan Hawkes **was working with you on the last two records, *Hold Me* and *Stealth Beats*, and they sound great. How is working with Hawkes, who's done records with heavy brethren Red Fang and Black Elk?**

Stephan is made of 100-percent awesomesauce. Nick recorded the first **Elitist** (PDX, not LA) album with Stephan and loved the way his drums sounded, so we decided to record *Stealth Beats* with him. We were so happy with it, we went back for the last record. He is so easy to work with—we just jam live all together in a tiny room at once, add vocals, and then he turns it into magic love bakes. Maybe next time, I'll have **Erik** [**Trammell**] (Black Elk) play my guitar and **Aaron** [**Beam**] (Red Fang) sing my parts. It would sound a lot more badass!

What do you have in the works for a fifth record?

We were working on a new record, but now, instead, we are going to focus on a series of split singles/EPs with some bands we absolutely adore. The first one will be out early 2015 with a wonderful band from SLC, but I've already said too much.

***CrucialFest* is bringing some pretty great, bigger-name bands this year, including you guys. What do you think about playing smaller-to-medium-sized fests in smaller cities, like *Treefort* in Boise?**

Treefort was outstanding! They treated us so well and the show itself was by far the best we've played in Boise to date. In Portland, one month, we'll be part of a big show in front of 500 people, and then a few weeks later, we'll play a dive bar for 50 people. I love it.

You've played SLC a couple of times before. What's your perception of Salt Lake (and Utah) so far, and how have you been received? What connections do you have here?

Nick had previously come through before with Elitist, and he is good pals with **Cult Leader**, so he assured us it was a good town to play. We have played in SLC three times, and they've been some of the funnest shows we've played, period. So many good bands in SLC—**Baby Gurl**, Cult Leader, **Yaktooth**, **Worst Friends**, **SubRosa**, **Eagle Twin** …



KOWLOON WALLED CITY

Scott Evans, Vocals/Guitar

To someone who's never heard you before, or to a deaf person, how would you describe your music?

If somebody's been deaf since birth, I don't know how you'd describe any music to that person. "It's one of those bands with four dudes flailing around onstage with instruments."

Most people describe our band as "noise rock" or "sludge metal" or something in between. Over time, we've slowly moved from the latter to the former.

Have you rolled through Salt Lake City before? If so, what's your impression of the city/music scene, and if not, what are you expecting?

This is our first time playing Salt Lake City as a band. I'm sure most of the guys in the band have played there a number of times, in previous bands. […] **Jon** [**Howell**] is a huge **Form Of Rocket** fan, […] and we're playing with Cult Leader in a few days. I like that last SubRosa record a lot. I'm sure there's more I'm forgetting.

Coming from San Francisco, what do you think of playing *CrucialFest 4*?

We are super stoked about playing *CrucialFest*. The lineup is killer and we've wanted to get to Salt Lake City for a while, but haven't managed it.

Your second (and latest) full-length, *Container Ships*, is amazing. Could you please talk about what you guys were bringing to the table with this record?

Thank you for the kind words! There were a lot of little changes in the band that went into that record—the most significant one was that Jon Howell replaced **Jason Pace** on guitar. They're compatible in many ways, but also quite different. So, Jon brought a lot to the writing process. We were also trying to back off of the distortion a bit and go bigger, add more space to the songs and the production.



Brutal Panda Records specialize in "physical music," according to their site. What attracted you to this type of label, and what's your future with Brutal Panda?

The Brutal Panda guys are great. They've liked our band for a while, and negotiations with them took almost no time. We asked if they wanted to put out a KWC LP, [and] they said, "Dude, yes!" and that was it. As for the future, who knows? We're working on writing and then we'll figure that out.

What's after *CF4*, touring or otherwise?

We're playing *Gilead Fest* in Oshkosh, [Wis.] and trying to book a few other shows around it. We're slowly but surely working on a new LP. I opened a studio last year, and I've been doing a lot of recording, too.

During your set, with a nod to your band name, might it be appropriate to do the Wall of Death mosh move en masse? If not, what would?

If we can keep you from looking at your phone for 30 minutes, then I feel like we've accomplished a great deal. Wall of Death pits are also acceptable, but you have to do it in slow motion. Wallllllllll offfffffff deaaaaaaaaaaattttttttthhhhhh.

CALL OF THE VOID

Patrick Alberts, Guitar

How would you describe your music to somebody who's never heard you? (Or to a deaf person?)

We love hardcore, we love grind, we love sludge, and we somehow are able to put them together tastefully. To laymen, it is always, "Dude, it is like Black Sabbath and Black Flag, but more intense." To the deaf … some version of various hand gestures I'm unaware of or a middle finger right side up and one upside down.

What has the SLC crowd reaction been to your band? What can Salt Lake expect of your performance at *CrucialFest 4*?

We love SLC with all our heart(s). Every time we play here, it is always a good crowd filled with the best people, whether it was **Black Sleep Of Kali** or Call Of The Void. This year's *CF* will be chock-full of new songs from us and with the addition of our new member, **Gabe** [**Morales**], there will be an added intensity and a larger sound.

In terms of music, what do you feel the relationship is between Denver and SLC in the Intermountain West?

To me, the proximity of [Colorado, Wyoming and Utah] enables the scene in each state to be a bit wider and not so restricted. … Utah and Wyoming are usually the first places [Coloradan] bands who are just starting tend to play their first out-of-state shows … Utah is the best place to venture out and play a show outside of Denver. I don't see too many bands from Utah coming out to Denver, though …

Local sound engineer/wizard Andy Patterson **produced your album, *Dragged Down a Dead End Path*. Any future (or current) plans to work with Andy?**

We entered the studio on April 24 to record our next album, *Ageless*, with AP. AP knows what's up—I hope this is common knowledge in SLC at this point.

***Dragged Down a Dead End Path* was picked up by Relapse last year. What else can we expect from Call Of The Void via Relapse?**

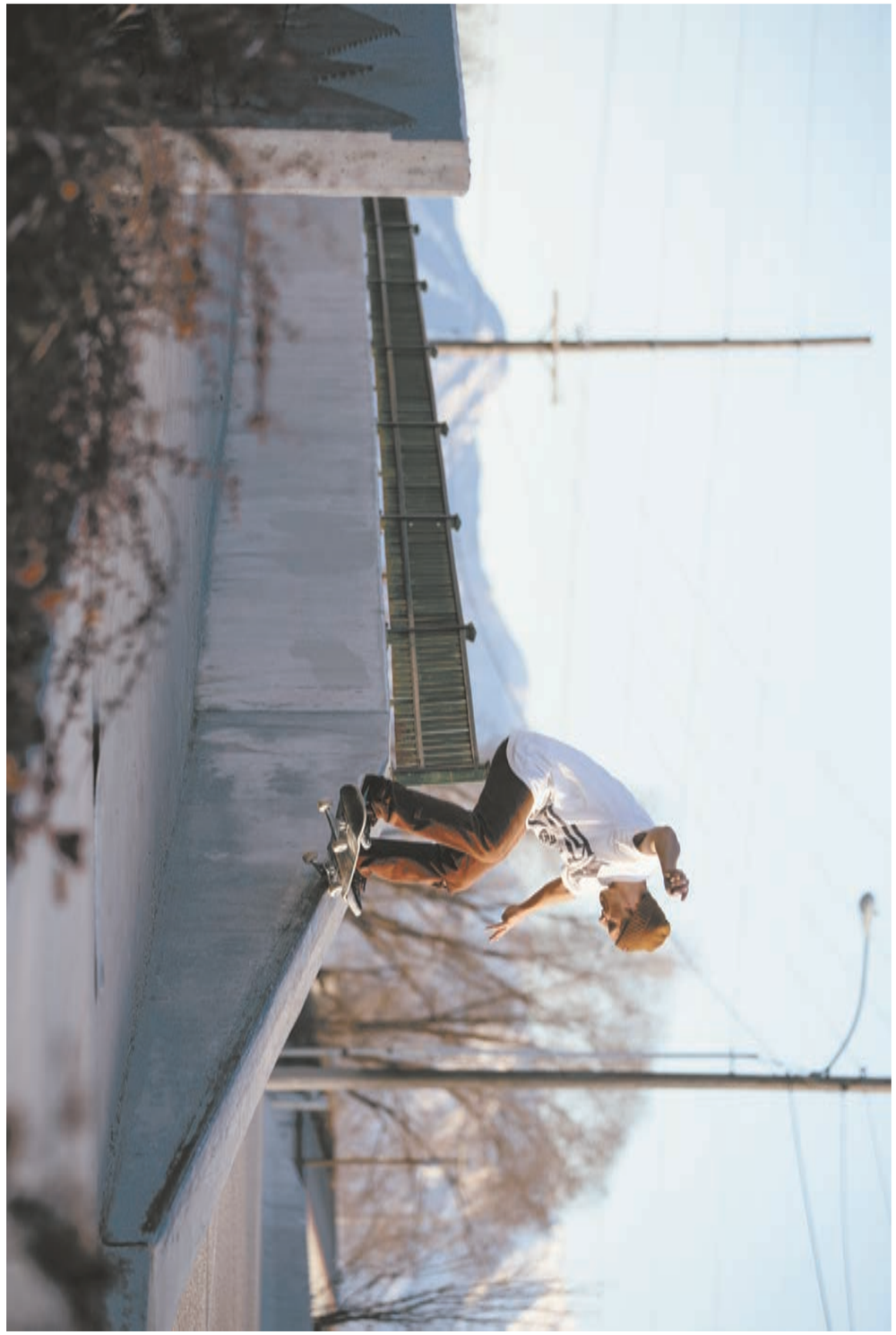
Dragged was our first of three albums we signed on to do with Relapse. Our next full-length should be out this fall. We want to do some splits with various bands on Relapse as well, but I'm not sure if any of those will come to fruition. Hopefully, this is just the beginning of a long relationship with that label. They are passionate about their bands and genuine with their approach—we couldn't ask for a better label to be a part of.

What's your relationship with Cult Leader?

Anthony Lucero, their singer, did our last album's artwork, and he will be doing the upcoming album that we [recorded] in April. A long story short, we have been in contact with those guys since **Gaza**'s *I Don't Care Where I Go When I Die* came out. Over the years, the relationship has tightened and friendships were made. What it all comes down to is **Casey [Hansen]**, Anthony, **Mike [Mason]** and **Sam [Richards]** are great guys … We support them fully.

PHOTO FEATURE

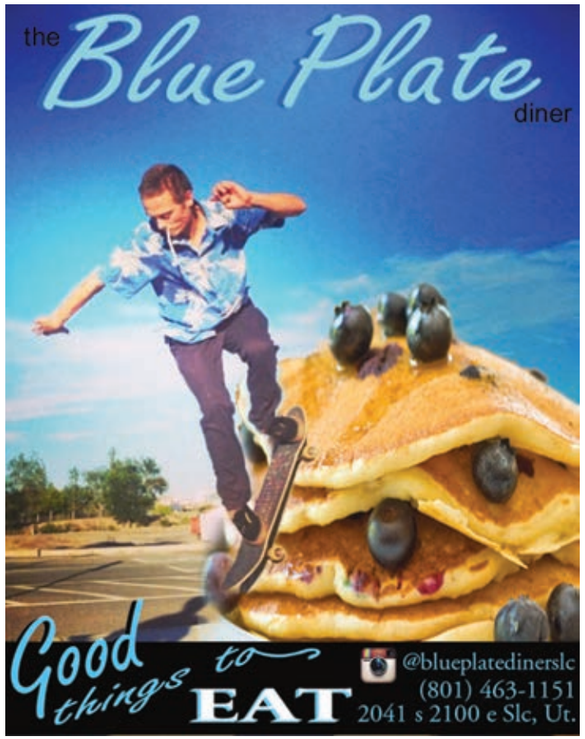
By Weston Colton
westoncolton.com



AJ Neuenswander—Fakie Front Crook Pop Out to Fakie—Provo, Utah

In skateboarding, it's easy for skaters to become known for a certain trick that they do really well, or do a lot. For example, **Paulo Diaz** was the nollie guy; **Lindsey Robertson**—heelflips; **Andrew Reynolds**—frontside flips; **Keith Hufnagel**—giant ollies; etc. When I first met AJ, I was in awe of how well he skated fakie. In my mind, he was the "fakie guy." I quickly realized that is a gross underestimation of AJ's talent on a board. At the same time, I really enjoy the fakie tricks that he does, so I asked him to fakie switch front crook up this ledge—and he obliged. Look up *Bolts of Thunder 4* on YouTube. AJ has the first part.





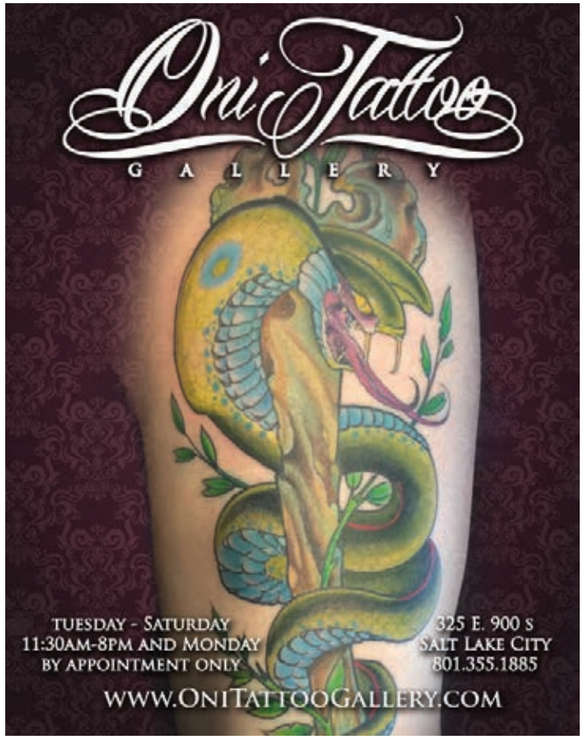






Illustration By Ryan Perkins

I <3 SLC
By Esther Meroño
esthermerono@gmail.com

Hey guys, this is my last Beautiful Godzilla column. I'm moving to New York City to dedicate my life to pizza.

I've thought a lot about what I wanted to write here, in this space, for the very last time—something smart and meaningful and funny, of course, but all I could think about was how much I'm gonna miss this city.

So, those of you who claim your home elsewhere (even if you only lived in California for six months back when you were two years old), pick up a trusty ole beater from the *Bicycle Collective*, sign up for some volunteer hours while you're there, and let me lead you through a verbal tour of Salt Lake City as a precursor to your next bike adventure. The next time someone asks you where you're from, I hope you'll jump up and down screaming "SLC!" after proving you're not hiding a Mormon demon tail.

Everybody's Salt Lake is a little different, waxing and waning as you meet new people, get a good tip on a restaurant you've never been to, or fall asleep on TRAX one day and end up adopted by juggalos. Mine runs the square area between 2100 South to about 4th Ave (too lazy to ride up that hill any farther), 900 West to 900 East (ditto). The mountains sure are pretty to look at, but there's fucking snow up there, you crazy bastards!

I felt like an outsider for a long time in this town—not 'cause I had anywhere else to call home, but because I felt a disconnect with my surroundings, especially living in the bubble that is university life (one in every four college students has an STD, FYI). That all changed the first time I hopped on a road bike (I did get saddle sores, though …). Cycling makes a city feel like it belongs to you, like you know and understand it in a way that maybe you didn't before. I'm sure that there are other things that can contribute to a true sense of residence, like fireworks and an inbred pioneer heritage, but there's nothing like the bicycle—the perfect machine.

Salt Lake City became mine the first *Midnight Mass* I ever attended, about six years ago in the middle of a dry winter day. We rode all the way out to Sugar House, bombing hills on our way back as I gripped the handlebars in silent terror, thinking I was sure to fly over them if I were to hit the smallest scar in the asphalt. **Chris Ginzton** practiced his Spanish on me the whole ride, and as the adrenaline numbed my fear, I thought, "This is beautiful." Or maybe it was, "He is beautiful … "
As I attended more and more events, I felt my confidence grow, and not just in my cycling abilities. *Critical Mass*, as chaotic as it seemed at times, provided an outlet for the peaceful protester inside of me that I had been too scared to express before then, because you know that prison bitches would go apeshit over my butt—just ask my lil' lesbo sis, **Carla**, who shares my "jeans" and is practically rolling in vaginas. I always looked forward to riding through the Gateway, a tall bike at my side, **Zed**'s boombox spitting cheesy '90s rap, and bike bells ringing like a hundred wind chimes in a maddening gust as pedestrians gawked at us and cars honked impatiently. Those days, rides would often end at the top of the *Walker Center* as the sun set, with anyone we hadn't dropped off at a bar passing around flasks of wine and whiskey, taking turns testing out the freak bikes among us. The view alone—an eyeful of historic buildings and dirty alleyways juxtaposed with contemporary architecture and modern street art, tinged by this city's many Instagram-worthy sunsets—makes you feel like you're doing something right.

Then there was the afternoon I came face to face—or perhaps frame to door—with my mortality. It was one of those days when the air hits your face like ice water, but the sun's so bright it reaches under your skin to warm you from the inside out—the only appropriate outfit for that weather is one of those fluorescent green, full-body suits. Had I been wearing mine that day, perhaps things would've turned out a little different, but I *was* conveniently wearing a helmet, otherwise this column would just be a slobber smear. I hit the ground hard on my back, facing a car whose door was cracked wide open, gasping for breath as pedestrians rushed to my side. I've always been a careful cyclist—though perhaps a bit insane riding two years without brakes—but always aware of my surroundings, and that experience shook me even more than when I found out Santa was my parents, and they were broke. Riding hasn't been the same since, and sometimes my back seizes up, but that motherfucker had to replace his entire windshield, and the spooked look on his face makes me believe he'll be glancing at his side-view mirror before he gets out of his car for the rest of his life.

I'm excited and nervous about riding in NYC. I think my FBG status will go over well with the cabbies, but I've heard the pedestrians are a nightmare—a plague of pede-philes, so to speak. Still, when it comes to cycling, this city will always be home, whether I see it again or not—whether, at the end of my life, I've spent more years in other places that aren't here. The bicycle community here has raised me into adulthood, supported me and helped me turn a life that would've felt like I was holding my breath for eternity into one where I breathe real deep and make that "refreshed" sound as I breathe out. So annoying.

I'll be cruisin' with **Bike Snob** soon, and won't be around to push you down the hill, but there are plenty of fine people in this community who can help you out. In addition to the obvious, the adventurous **James Miska** is out to start Salt Lake Bicycle Tours, with the mission to show residents and visitors around this city and its magical spots. "My inspiration for it came from having consistently biked around this town for the past nine years, always going to cool places, and wanting to show those cool places to cool people," he says. Hit him up over at *saltlakebicycletours.com*. The **SLCo Bicycle Ambassadors Program** is another relatively new way to stick your toe into cycling, providing one-on-one mentorships that are like commuter training wheels, and you can find them at *facebook.com/slcobike*. **Jack Lasley**, the BA's Program Coordinator, summed it all up real nice, saying: "When you ride a bike, you fully inhabit the city. Everything becomes familiar as you begin to notice the details. You might avoid the same daily pothole as you did in your car, but on your bike, you notice that it has a yellow lighter inside and you have time to wonder how it got there. You learn that certain blocks have distinct smells and sounds. That every street and intersection feels differently. You start to navigate by names and faces, rather than by numbers and distance. You begin to develop rewarding relationships with strangers, even though most only last seconds or minutes. You have time to wave and smile as you pass another bicyclist or have a quick chat as you both wait at the traffic light. You start to feel like you have friends you haven't even met yet."

Come send me off in style on May 17, celebrating Velo City Bags' grand reopening with the *Clue Cat IV*, some *Blue Copper* coffee, live music and the world premiere of **Salty Spokes**' *Bad Girls*. See details at *facebook.com/velocitybags.slc*. It's been real. *#FBG4LYFE*









Beauty and the BIKE

By Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

It's strange that this is the first time I've actually written a bike-specific column for the bike issue, because I'm such an avid cyclist. I don't drive—I never really have. In fact, I let my driver's license expire over 15 years ago and never bothered to renew it. I'm the stereotypical city-ite who lives her life within a mile of her house, and if I can't get there by bus, TRAX or train, then I most likely just don't go there. If I leave the Downtown area, it's usually on a plane.

My bike is my baby—it's an amazing fixed gear that the **Kennedolls** chipped in and bought me for my birthday this year. If I'm feeling lazy, though, and I don't want to walk around Downtown or ride my bike, I have been taking advantage of the city's pedicabs. I'm sure you've seen them around, but have you been in one? I like them because, not only are they a great, green way to travel the city, they make me feel like a glamorous 1940s starlet in Bangkok, or a 1920s geisha riding in a rickshaw.

As a columnist, I have this innate need to constantly interview people, and the crews of these pedicab companies are quite colorful characters. My favorite thing to ask these boys and girls is: "One night, someone got in your cab … " and let them fill in the blank. Most of them tell stories of crazy drunk people usually picked up from *The Hotel* (which would be my idea of hell). One cabbie told me about picking up three very large guys, whom he later found out were players for the Utah Jazz, and their size threw the weight off and he almost tipped the cab, nearly running into a parked car.

One cutie named **Zach** uses his cab to play the field and says that he gets phone numbers all the time, which I thought was genius. The first time I ever took a pedicab, some friends and I were at *Jackalope Lounge*, and it started pouring as we got to the corner of 300 South and State. A lovely young girl was there with her cab, and we decided it would be faster to take the ride in lieu of walking. It was probably one of the more fun rides I have taken—and incidentally the wettest—but, since then, they have acquired canopies for rainy days. Our driver had just recently relocated to SLC from Alaska, and was smart enough to take this job while she looked for a day job, bless her heart—we left her a big tip.

This is really something to remember when you jump in these cabs: This is a second job for these kids, who are often artists and musicians. One cabbie I recently met was a goat farmer at a refugee-geared farm. They are local people who make our city more interesting, and we should really be supporting them when we can. In a way, they remind me of the bike messengers in San Francisco or New York—a little crazy, but a lot of fun.

Here's some advice that I had to learn the hard way for you the rider, and for the bike cabbies. First and foremost, make sure you ask them to quote you how much it will be to your destination. I got in one at the *Salt Palace* and took it straight up 100 South to 300 East, and the fucker charged me $15! I was (silently) pissed. I paid him, but I almost named this article "Being Taken For a Ride." There is no pricing guide, which I feel is the only flaw with the service. It's left up to the driver's discretion and, with that, I would urge the drivers to be able to recognize your Downtown dwellers because, if it turns into a service we can't afford to use, unfortunately, you become the "fucking" pedicabs and not the "cool" pedicabs.



Photo: Jake Vivori

Trajén can be seen working his pedicab around town in his trademark sedge hat, but '40s starlet Princess Kennedy is a marvel beheld in films yet to be made.

I would actually love to drive one when my knee problem is fixed because I noticed on one of my recent rides with a friend that I was pointing out different points of historical interest, and I think they could charge a bit more for their tours—now that would be cool!

Is it cheaper than taking a regular cab? No, but these days, the cab companies are a joke. I have been so disappointed with them for the past year and a half. If you can even get through to the company, the cabs take a minimum of a half hour to arrive and the drivers are so rude. The pedicabs are not only a great way to get around Downtown, but they're fast, efficient, earth-friendly and you're supporting local small businesses and people, helping them grow into what I predict will soon be considered a Downtown SLC staple.

There are a couple of different companies in town, including the SLC Bike Taxi (801.686.8294) and Salt City Cycle Cab (435.252.0513), which you can hail down along Main Street, or call dispatch for pick-up. Happy riding, and everyone be safe out there.



Mike Brown's Big Adventure

By Mike Brown
Instagram: @Fagatron

ME and my bike are much like **P.W. Herman**—before he ever masturbated in public—and his special two-wheeler, in that we have both been on many adventures together. Both of our bikes have been stolen and retrieved with little aid from proper authorities, as clearly evidenced in the famous '80s documentary, *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure*. My tale of thievery is a bit different, but there are several parallels.

Pee-Wee was inside his favorite joke shop when his bike got stolen, lackadaisically shopping under the false security of a 100-foot chain and lock. I was inside one of my favorite taverns, my bike under the false security of the hipster safeguard device known as the U-lock, and I was under the false security of several Jim Beams and Budweisers. Too intoxicated to pedal safely, I ended up in a cab, and my bike ended up sleeping over, locked next to the tavern expecting me to retrieve him the next day.

The next day, I was too hungover for many activities—one being retrieving my bike. I could barely feed my cat, **Jet Pack**, without dry heaving, so alas, I left my two-wheeled chariot locked up to the tavern to brave another night alone. This was my mistake. I received a call from the tavern owner the next day. He asked me, "Was that your bike that was locked up in front of the bar?" I replied with, "Was?"

I legally obtained my bike at a local bicycle emporium—my receipt and serial number were of good standing within the law. So, I did what anyone is supposed to do when an item of value is stolen: Alert the local authorities and receive a bullshit case number.

I understand that there are larger, more looming problems in the local community other than my stolen bike. Regardless, I quickly learned, without any surprise, that the cops give about as many fucks about stolen bikes and their peddlers as prescription-drug-addled Mormon mini-van driving moms ignoring all bike lanes do: zero. Three months went by, and I was pedaling a shitty Centurion 10-speed I picked up for $50 at the local *Bike Collective*. I parked my beater bike at a designated locking location for such vehicles and something caught my eye—black handlebars, identical to the ones I used to firmly grip with such fervor, a bike seat identical to the one that used to cup my genitals with such rapture. Oh, and the tires were the same as my stolen bike, too.

In a cheap ruse, the petty bike thief had adorned my frame with many shitty stickers in the hopes that neither I nor the authorities would notice that the bike was stolen. But the best part? My original hipster safeguard was still dangling from the frame, cut marks and all. Apparently, the thief couldn't get the lock off and disassembled the rack it was locked to in order to steal my bike. I also still had the key—on me, in fact—to said U-lock.

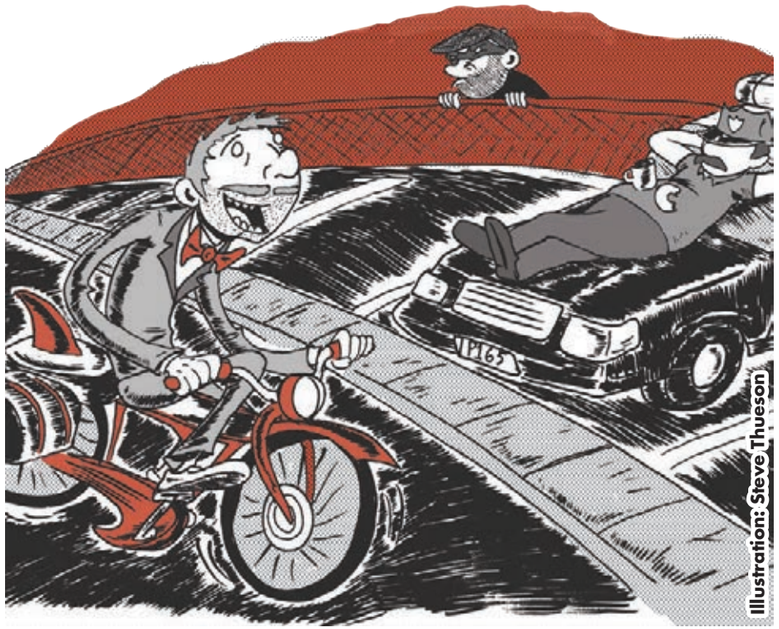
Not caring if my $50 Centurion got stolen, I took my other lock and locked it to my precious that had been separated from me for three months, finally brought back together by fate. Then I called the cops. In typical cop fashion, they took their sweet-ass time for my non-emergency dispatch request. As I was waiting for the cops, I watched the thief walk up to my bike, remove his lock, and mutter, "What the heck?! Who would lock my bike up with another lock to this rack?!"

I used every ounce of composure I had (which isn't much) to not stand up and punch him out, knowing that I had already called the cops. I called dispatch back and let the operator know that if they didn't send a badge over on the double, they would be hauling two people to jail—the bike thief and me, for assault.

When the cops finally got there, I explained how I locked up my bike with my current lock so the thief wouldn't get away. Then I told him I could prove the bike was mine—besides having the serial number—by popping the dangling U-lock from the frame with the key I kept. As I sprang the damaged U-lock from the frame, the cop let out a boisterous laugh and said, "Wow! That's amazing! No one ever gets their bike back!"

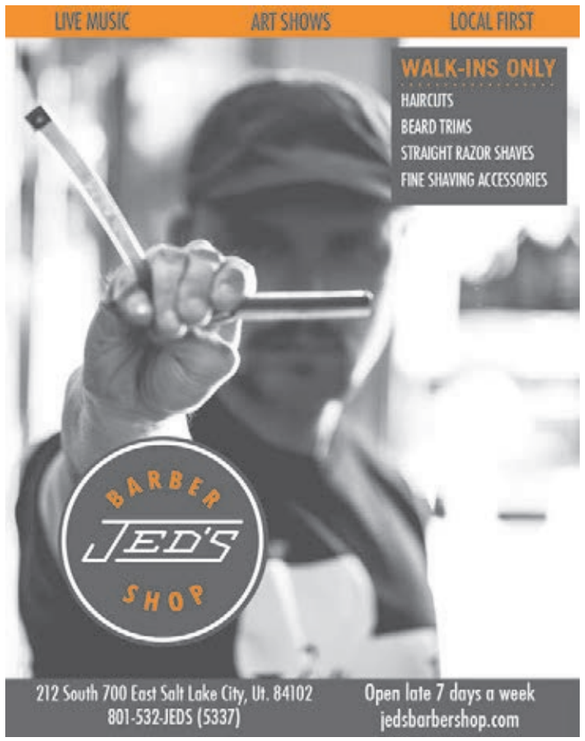
Ultimately, they didn't arrest the man riding my bike. The lazy cops said they didn't have any evidence proving that this man had actually stolen my bike. The man admitted to buying my bike at the homeless shelter for $25. That's right, my $900 road bike is only worth $25 on the local Salt Lake crack market. I'm just guessing here, but isn't that, like, only three crack rocks?

The moral of the story is, if your bike ever does get stolen, don't call the cops. As Pee-Wee and I found out the hard way, it's a complete waste of time. Instead, go on an adventure and check the basement of the *Alamo*, or if you are in Salt Lake, the public library. If that doesn't pan out, your bike will for sure be somewhere inside *Hollywood Studios*, as in Pee-Wee's case, or two blocks away from the homeless shelter, as with my case.

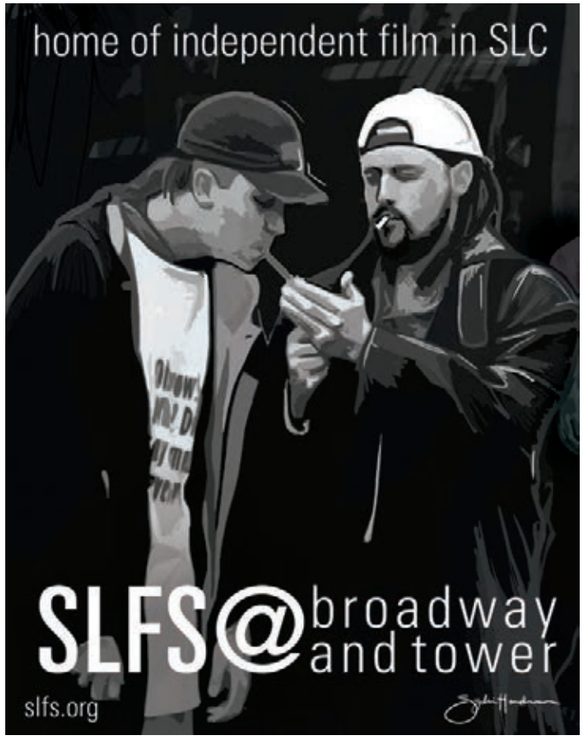


Likely because of previous offenses in movie theaters, the cops did nothing when a bike thief stole Mike Brown's precious bicycle.













Dear Copper;

Something I've been curious about but never gotten a straight answer to is concealed weapons pertaining to knives. I carry a folding knife with a thumb-assist on me because, to be honest, I don't fucking trust the homeless in this city. I'm not the type to pull it out and wave it around, or act like I'm a badass ready to shank an asshole going for my wallet, but the fact is you never know if you might get jumped. I know friends who carry spring-assist knives, and others who carry just regular pocketknives, both for work and personal. But none of us are entirely clear what the laws are in the city when it comes to them. What are the guidelines for concealed knives?

Love;
Somewhat Packing

Dear Packer,

Unless you're on probation or parole, a drug addict, declared mentally deranged, prohibited by some court order, or you like beating women … you're most likely fine having your knife in your pocket, on your belt, open, concealed, whatever. However, if you have skeletons in your closet, you might want to research Utah Code 76-10-503 for the whole list of who is restricted from concealed weapons.

In terms of you as a legit citizen carrying it concealed, your best "reason" is as a necessary tool to open your beers, fix your bike, carve a whistle, play knife games when dice gets old, that sort of thing. Why? Well, Utah laws really address your "intended use" of that concealed weapon.

If you openly profess to carrying your "shank" to stick a homeless robber who was after your wallet to buy some bud, well, it's way too easy for an over-zealous legal system to view you as the problem.

Now, Packie, if you meet one of the "restrictions," yet still choose to carry your concealed knife in violation of the law because:

A. Regardless of the current, feel-good sentiment about how misunderstood the homeless are, some of them really are thieves, robbers, drug addicts, rapists, etc.

B. Telling the homeless robber trying to get his fix to "knock it off" is not an option for you.

Here is a direct quote from Utah Statute 76-10-504 about what punishment you'd be facing:

Except as provided in Section 76-10-503 and in Subsections (2), (3), and (4), a person who carries a concealed dangerous weapon, as defined in Section 76-10-501, including an unloaded firearm on his or her person or one that is readily accessible for immediate use which is not securely encased, as defined in this part, in or on a place other than the person's residence, property, a vehicle in the person's lawful possession, or a vehicle, with the consent of the individual who is lawfully in possession of the vehicle, or business under the person's control is guilty of a class B misdemeanor.

Packster, this is a direct quote from the Utah Code 76-10-501 (Definitions):

The following factors shall be used in determining whether a knife, or another item, object, or thing not commonly known as a dangerous weapon is a dangerous weapon:
(i) the character of the instrument, object, or thing;
(ii) the character of the wound produced, if any;
(iii) the manner in which the instrument, object, or thing was used; and
(iv) the other lawful purposes for which the instrument, object, or thing may be used.

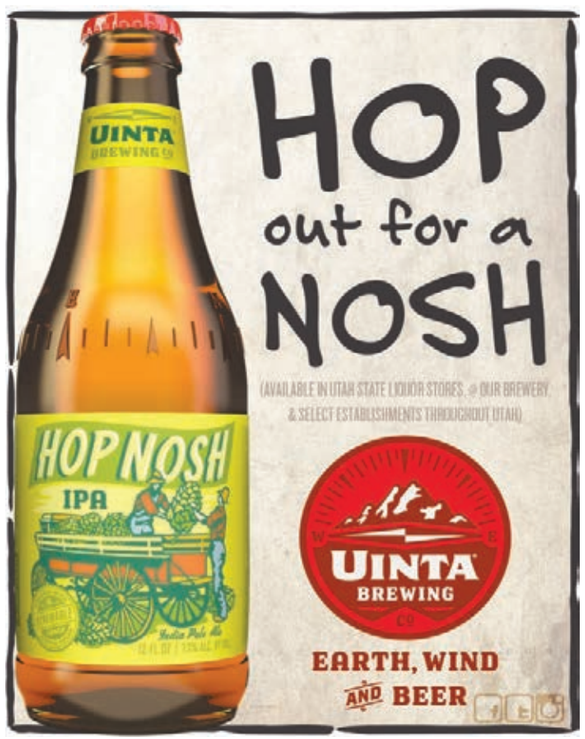
Remember, a Leatherman tool, which can be used to fix your bike or clean your toe jam, has a big ol' gnarly knife blade inside (HINT).

Respectfully,
Somewhat Copping

Have a question for the cop?
Email him at
askacop@slugmag.com














Living the Authentic Life: Stroll, Ride, Stroll

By *Mariah Mann Mellus*
mariah@slugmag.com

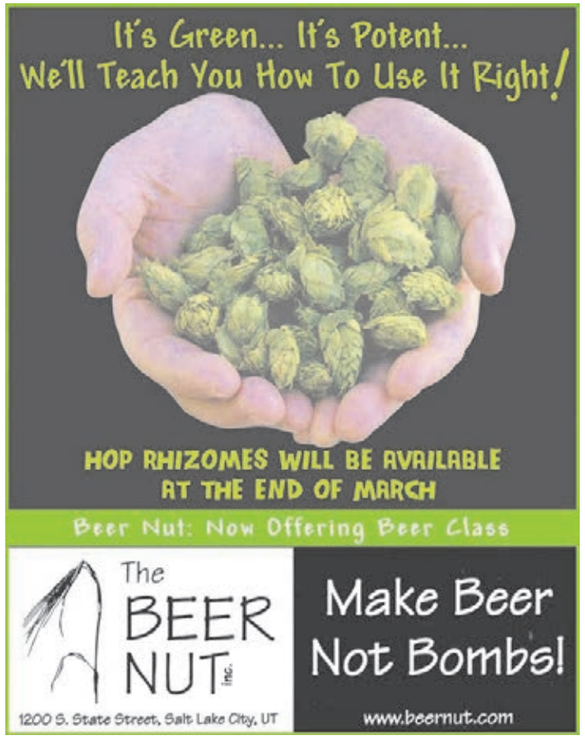
With today's global Internet content, instant Twitter feeds, social media boasting and a sickening amount of over-sharing, I find more and more people looking for an authentic experience—something they can't manipulate or recreate online. They seek a movement, a cause or an event they can get behind that will connect them to their community, where they can actually see results locally. For those people, I offer you *Gallery Stroll*—a chance to celebrate the thriving arts community, engage with the makers and keep your money local by purchasing a piece of original, authentic art.

Lucky for you, the most original fund- and friend-raiser in Utah, the *300 Plates Show* at *Art Access*, takes place this month. Aluminum printing plates offer a uniform template for local artist to create mini masterpieces. *Art Access* Executive Director **Sheryl Gillilan** is very pleased with how popular this event has become in the community, and how well their 30th anniversary is shaping up. She says, "We've got almost 160 artists participating and have expanded our silent auction because we have so many beautiful pieces of art. There will be some fabulous choices of art at all prices, which helps us fulfill our mission of making art accessible to everyone." For those eager to get their hands on these exceptionally priced pieces, don't wait for the public showing on Friday's *Gallery Stroll*—buck up for the Thursday-night grand opening event on May 15. Tickets include food, drinks, bike valet from the *Bicycle Collective* and three minutes in the gallery to nab your favorite piece—I told you it's a unique event. To get tickets, visit *accessart.org*.

In honor of bike month, I'm not going to stroll this month—I'm going to ride, and I hope you'll join me for *SLUG Magazine*'s first *Gallery Ride*. Our ride will begin on May 16 from the *UTA Bike Bonanza* held at the *Gallivan Center*. We'll depart from the *SLUG* booth at 5:30 p.m. Come early and enjoy the *Bonanza*, which features food, drinks and activities for all ages from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. From the *Gallivan Center*, we'll travel to *Mod a-go-go* on 242 E. South Temple. Departing *Mod a-go-go* at 6:30 p.m., we'll travel to the *Slusser Gallery* at 447 E. 100 S. From the *Slusser Gallery*, we'll make our way to 200 E. and 200 S. to explore the *Mountain West Fine Art* and *CUAC Gallery* at 7:15 p.m. Be careful not to wander too far and fall prey to the tasty beer at *Beer Bar* because, at 8 p.m., we're off to the *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art* (*UMOCA*) located at 20 S. West Temple. This should give us just enough time to catch a glimpse of all three of the exhibit halls. I don't want people to feel rushed, but I hope that everyone has an opportunity to see the variety and scope Salt Lake galleries have to offer. It promises to be a fun-filled evening of new experiences, new friends and lots of new art. We'll give you something worth tweeting and Facebooking about.









BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel
mikey@slugmag.com

Believe it or not, India pale ales (IPAs) are still a relatively new beer style. Yeah, technically they've been around since the 19th century, but the modern incarnation of America's favorite craft beer style is only about 30 years old. In the old days, IPAs were a necessity, not a style. To get the beloved English pale ale to British soldiers who were stationed in all corners of the world, you needed to make the beer sturdy enough to make the long ocean voyage to wherever. With no refrigeration, you had to rely upon the things you could control. Alcohol and hops are two great preservatives in beer. Increase these factors and you can improve the beer's short life. That's where the IPA came from. Today, IPAs are far more than the boozy/hoppy ales of the past—they're vastly complex beers that owe their unique tastes to new hop strains that impart citrus, pine, floral and spicy flavors to the beers. When you combine this with a brewer's style-bending imagination, new styles of beer are conceived and the world becomes a much happier place. This month's beers are innovative, local interpretations on the classic IPA that definitely deserve your attention.

Red Rye IPA

Brewery/Brand: Moab Brewing Co.
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap

This brand-new offering from our friends in Moab pours a reddish brown hue with a thick, tan, lacy head. The nose has a nice fruity punch with pine, grapefruit and rye malt. The flavor starts with big, bright hops composed mostly of citrus peel and pine needles. Caramel malt and rye spiciness come next, providing a very nice and balanced bed for the hops to lie upon. The end has a dry bitterness with a hint of toffee, finishing clean and dry.

Overview: This flavorful ale looks to be replacing Moab's Scorpion Pale Ale in many places, which is fine with me. This ale has many more layers than Scorpion, and will likely find a wider audience. I hope it makes it into cans!

Brighton Revolver Session White IPA

Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Co.
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap

This IPA pours a very clear, white/gold color with a head that's driven by some active carbonation. The nose is of lemongrass, oranges and floral notes. The taste starts with wheat malt and a lemony twang, light Belgian yeast and a fair amount of citrusy hops. Toasty cereal comes next with an herbal hoppiness. The end is slightly sweet and doughy, finishing crisp and dry.

Overview: This one is part of Uinta's quarterly, revolving (Revolver) series made for *Brighton Ski Resort*. It's not the best representation of the style—I would have liked to have this unfiltered to bring out more of the yeast's character—but it is damn drinkable, light and crisp.

20th Anniversary Imperial Red Ale

Brewery/Brand: RedRock Brewing Co.
ABV: 9.5%
Serving Style: 500ml Bottle



This first-time, limited batch beer pours with big, round, ruby tones and has very nice clarity for such a dark ale. The head is big and sturdy with a ruddy two fingers of foam cap. The nose pops with toasted caramel and big notes of pine. The taste starts with toasted bread, tobacco and a hint of fudge. Big pine resin comes next with bitter chocolate and a hint of orange in the end. The finish is dry and quite bitter.

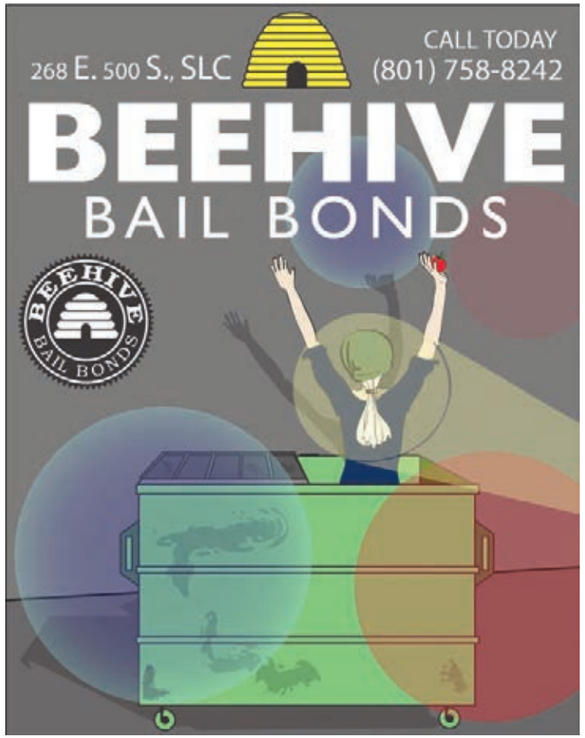
Overview: This is a full-flavored beer that crosses into barley wine territory. Its 9.5-percent ABV is well hidden, and will put the hammer on you if you're not paying attention. It's a brilliant-tasting take on an "Irish-ish" style.

Need more? Check out more Utah beer-related stuff at *utahbeer.blogspot.com*.

Cheers!

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Sugar House Review #9: Fall/Winter 2013
Various Authors
Sugar House Review
Street: 10.01.13

If you haven't caught on to what the Sugar House Review is doing yet, get on board! With a variety of poets, you're definitely going to find something that appeals to you even if poetry isn't your thing. If anything, you'll find a nice book review, such as **Kate Rosenberg**'s review of *Whelm*, a book I've added to my own queue. In fact, I'd dare say that if poetry isn't your thing, then this will be. In this series, I was particularly drawn to **Albert Abonado**, whose poem "In the City of Falling Cats" particularly piqued my cat-lady tendencies, but made them a bit more poetically justified by comparing cats to the spirits of the dead. *–Brinley Froelich*

Theories of Forgetting: A Novel After Robert Smithson
Lance Olsen
Fiction Collective 2
Street: 02.28

First and foremost, Lance Olsen (English Professor at the University of Utah) is the literary astronaut we dreamt of being when we were children—turning far-out worlds abuzz with the difficult imagination, surviving re-entry with stories to share. His latest, "wunderkammer," an avant-novel called *Theories of Forgetting*, is a textual embodiment of **Robert Smithson**'s land artwork *Spiral Jetty* and its intrinsic entropology, which here, amounts to wearing down and decay at sites of language—narrative, character, sentence, word, letter—and the blank spaces in between that give them meaning. The book runs three narratives cover-to-cover from opposite ends, upside-down from and parallel to each other. In this way, the reader chooses which to privilege—either the diary of experimental filmmaker Alana struggling to make a documentary about *Spiral Jetty*, who succumbs to a mysterious illness called "The Frost," or the story of her husband, Hugh, owner of a bookstore in Salt Lake City, who slowly disappears while traveling in Jordan, at the call of religious, barbiturate-worshiping poet-terrorists and whose manuscript is annotated by the couple's daughter Aila, an art critic living in Berlin, penciling in a one-sided conversation with her estranged brother, Lance. This isn't an S.O.S. (same old story): It's a gorgeous wind-up into intricate spirals of human lives that we lead and the loss that we'll inevitably face. *–Christian Schultz*

[[there.]]
Lance Olsen
Anti-Oedipus Press
Street: 02.01



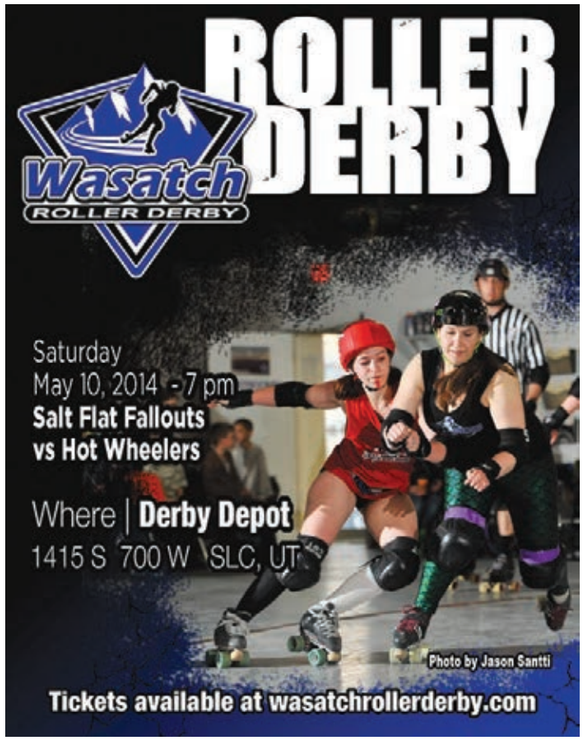
"[[Because how does one write the contemporary?]]" *wunders* Lance Olsen in this "trash diary," 130-ish pages of critifictional tweets, cultural reflection and memory-raking that amounts to a remarkably fluid narratological assemblage. Written over the author-professor-literary activist's five-month stay at the American Academy in Berlin, *[[there.]]* is a casual and sharp text about the confluence of travel, curiosity and innovative writing practices, or what it means to be alive here, now. From film and philosophy to avant-garde music, art and hypermedia, to personal reminiscence of world travels and life in the restlessness of Berlin, Olsen makes the slurry of flash narratives and observations compelling. Whether you read *[[there.]]* chronologically or bounce around the book among its clusters, you'll find a hypertext's rhythm, a Wiki-wormhole of cultural knowledge, a poet's narrative slant-rhyme and wonderful human-beingness all in a beautiful whirl from one of innovative writing's greatest minds. *–Christian Schultz*







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Dark Souls II
Namco Bandai Games
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PC, PS3
Street: 03.13



In a world full of hand-holding games full of meaningless death—and therefore, meaningless life—*Dark Souls II* is a refreshing change of pace.

Death. It's all people talk about with the *Dark Souls* series—or at the very least, it's the first thing. But what's always struck me about the *Souls* games—a feeling that continues with this spring's wonderfully executed sequel—is how they teach us to appreciate life. Make no mistake—*Dark Souls II* is a very difficult role-playing game, with unforgiving battle mechanics and an extremely intricate, patience-testing leveling system. However, it's also a game that encourages players to cherish life, exploring every crevice and basking in the joy of defeating a massive boss. Life is a precious thing, and underneath the heavy-handed narrative about the broken, haunted kingdom of Drangleic is a reverence for beauty and life that belies its trademark dark corridors, relentless enemies and unforgiving world design. Unforgiving is not unfair, however, much like the misconception that *Dark Souls* is a game about death. FromSoftware's acclaimed sequel is designed to reward perseverance, rather than cruel, constant punishment. In a world full of hand-holding games full of meaningless death—and therefore, meaningless life—it's a refreshing change of pace. *–Randy Dankievitch*

South Park: The Stick Of Truth
UbiSoft
Reviewed On: Xbox 360
Also on: PC, PS3
Street: 03.04

Never had I thought I'd be writing this sentence in a review: You fight against a giant Nazi-zombie aborted fetus as a boss. And that doesn't even begin to describe the absolute zero-sensitivity humor you'll find in this game. Really, you wouldn't expect anything less from the creators of *South Park*, who have essentially produced with UbiSoft what could be considered the first half of their television show's 18th season. For fans of the show, it's a dream come true, as you get to interact in their crappy animated universe as the new kid in town. The game is as basic an RPG as they could make—from armor and weapons down to goals and achievements—ensuring that fans of the show could easily play and defeat it, and allowing them to watch all the jokes and cut-scenes without feeling daunted. You could beat the game in under 13 hours! But let's be honest, going all the way back to the N64 dodgeball game, you're not buying a *South Park* title for a challenge, you're buying it for all the disgusting and offensive humor they could pack into it. For that, you won't be disappointed. *–Gavin Sheehan*

Titanfall
Respawn Entertainment/ Electronic Arts
Reviewed on: Xbox One
Also on: PC, Xbox 360
Street: 03.11

In an age when video games are researched, discussed, consumed and hyped to the point that there is almost no reason to play them anymore, it takes a special experience to really blow gamers away. *Titanfall* is not quite that experience. Look, it's a fantastic game. I love the speed of the whole thing and the epic feel that multi-Titan battles inspire. But a sign of a good game is that when you have time to sit down and play, there shouldn't even be a thought—that is the game you will play. To be fair, I'm not a huge first-person shooter fan—I just can't get into action games like this without some sort of strong-ish story, and *Titanfall's* is especially thin. It's some tale about a rebel militia force fighting off the greedy Interstellar Manufacturing Corporation from destroying more of their land. The online-only campaign mode feels more tacked on than *Titanfall's* peers do, which is saying something. With all of that said, between the beta in February, and now, in general release, this game has held my attention for many hours. It's one of the best out for the Xbox One. *–Blake Leszczynski*

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Critical Cycles
Graphite Diamond Frame
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criticalcycles.com



Critical Cycles sure as hell give a bang for a buck. Their base price for a fixie is as low as $219, and this sultry graphite diamond City Bike—with six more gears, mind you—clocks in at a mere $299 for a seven-speed primed to get you around town for quick and easy metropolitan living. As Critical Cycles promise on their website, this bike truly is 90-percent assembled out of the package, which took my bike-mechanic-savant little brother, **Paxton West**, about 15 minutes to get fully assembled and out the door (he made me pump up the tires, though). The brown-leather handlebars and saddle complement the grey tones of the frame and the tires nicely, and the bright red brake-cable encasement tubes add a fun flair to it all. The bicycle rides well for easygoing commutes, and the speed selection provides a general range of comfortable gears with which to get around. The frame is made of steel, so it's heavy and not especially suited for booking it in that five-minute crunch-time window on your way to work. Also, taking it up 1st Avenue to my friend's house was a bit of a strain for it to switch to the granny gear (the chain fell off the front cog). This bike is well-suited for those fun summertime nights bar-hopping or jetting from *The Shred Shed* to *Burt's* to catch shows, and is a great beginner's ride for the casual cyclist. Plus, it comes with a light and a bell! *–Alexander Ortega*

NotSock
Footbed and NotSock
notsocks.com

When my editor approached me and told me I had some NotSock Footbeds waiting for review, and that they could be a solution to the sweat and dirt soup that results from going sockless in the warmer months of the year, I was apprehensive to believe in their odor-fighting abilities. I trimmed the footbed down to the proper size to fit my shoe, wrapped a small sock around it and put it in my shoe. The socks are made of charcoal and bamboo, are machine washable and last as long as a normal pair of no-show socks. I put these inserts to a rigorous and, admittedly, unintentional test: As I left home around noon one Saturday to run some errands across town, I threw the footbed and socks into my pair of Vans and set out on my bicycle. After running errands and touring the city, walking around stores and killing time before dinner with friends—a good five hours of time on and off my bike—walking around stores, I did a smell check. Surprisingly, after what, on any other day, would make my feet sweat and my Vans reek of a municipal waste dump, I was pleasantly surprised to find that no foul odors came from my 9.5 foot dwelling. This, in my mind, is a huge victory! Going sockless could possibly be the most liberating thing about summer, and anything that can effectively minimize foot stank during warmer months and be comfortable at the same time is most definitely a blessing. *–Carl Acheson*

Polaroid
HD Professional Action Camera, XS100
polaroid.com

Don't have $300 left in your trust fund to buy a GoPro? Polaroid provides their own waterproof action camera for almost half the price, and it works great for beginners. It's crazy simple. There's just one "record" button, and it's shock-proof so you don't have to worry about getting shaky images. The sound isn't the best, but that's not what you're paying for when you buy an action camera. The WiFi feature is cool 'cause you can share the high-quality photos and video straight from the camera, but the best part about it is the many mounts it comes with. You can attach this thing to almost anything—helmet, handlebars, your schnoz—I'm sure to be the next **Lucas Brunelle** with this thing. The software was a little confusing at first, but after some time with the manual, I can effectively change the settings for the kind of shots I want. Another awesome feature is the fact that it's waterproof up to 30 feet. This will be coming with me on my next snorkeling adventure in Puerto Rico—hi, Nemo! *–Esther Meroño*

Tego Audio
Cera Wireless Speaker
tegoaudio.com

Hallelujah, these Bluetooth speakers are a gift from the music gods. As someone who likes a soundtrack backing every moment of life, the Cera speaker couldn't be more perfect. First, you turn it on by pushing the top, and it slowly rises and says "Power On." It makes me feel like I've just turned the key on a spaceship. It sync-ed to my iPhone seamlessly, but had a little trouble with my laptop (I figured out I need to turn the Bluetooth off on my phone if they're near each other.) The battery lasts forever—I've charged it twice in two months and use it daily. The audio output is quality (a little fuzzy on the guitars if it's turned up full-blast, but hip-hop sounds marvelous), and if you got two of these, you'd have no trouble getting a party started just about anywhere, as they're small enough that you can carry them around in your purse. The only thing I wish it did was tell me when it was about to run out of juice, which you can only figure out when it stops pairing. However, charging the battery is a breeze and only takes a few hours—or you could plug it into a portable power device (which Tego also sells!). This speaker has only made my life better: I can listen to music in my car regardless of my dead stereo, I don't have to prop my laptop on the toilet to sing along to **Beyonce** in the shower, and I can watch movies on my laptop without the captions turned on! *–Esther Meroño*

tüb
City Bag
tubpeople.com

We all have our load to bear, and the Tüb City Bag is helping me lug my load while remaining environmentally aware and haphazardly organized. Made from used bike inner tubes that have been cleaned and crafted into a stylish bag that is perfect for cycling or just toting around the town, the Tüb City Bag has an inner padded pocket that can fit a 13-inch laptop or Etch A Sketch, a decorative inner lining that is sure to drive anyone at the bus stop gaga, and enough pockets for your cords, pens, or loose hard candy. The durable rubber design is naturally water resistant as well, so you won't have to worry when you are pedaling in a rainstorm. The boxy design of the bag is simple and comfortable to wear while walking or cycling and is not as cumbersome as a large messenger bag. Made from recycled materials, each bag is unique with a range of different color highlights and small details such as the fact that some of the inner tubes in my bag have patches as a reminder of the life they once lived out on the open road. I am eager to help these tired old tubes continue their journey. *–Ben Trentelman*





Blue Ruin
Director: Jeremy Saulnier
RADiUS-TWC
In Theaters: 05.02



Refn and **Tarantino** can fuck off now that Jeremy Saulnier has joined their ranks with his genre-defying revenge flick. Saulnier manages to keep the audience on the edge of their seats throughout with a main character who remains expressionless and silent for nearly the entire film—yet draws us in better than **Ryan Gosling**'s pretty pout ever did. **Macon Blair** is on point as Dwight, introduced to us as a vagrant whose violent behavior in the first 15 minutes of film goes unexplained, until it's revealed that his parents were killed by the hillbilly thug he's just knifed. Dwight picked the wrong backwoods family to fuck with, and bloody mayhem ensues—but as it turns out, Dwight turns out to be quite the MacGyver of murder. That's what makes this film stand out, really—it turns the everyday into a murderous montage without bogging it down with unrealistic, witty dialogue (at one point, Dwight even says, "I don't have a speech for you …" to a friend from whom he's asking to borrow a gun). In fact, the best spoken moments of the film are when obvious points are made about the situation with a bite of black humor. This is top-notch cult classic material that won't disappoint.
–Esther Meroño

Cold In July
Director: Jim Mickle
IFC Films
In Theaters: 05.30

Jim Mickle returns to the silver screen after terrifying people with his cannibalistic horror, *We Are What We Are*. This time around, we're transported to 1989 in a small town in East Texas. After hearing a window break in the middle of the night in his home, Richard Dane (**Michael C. Hall**) shoots and kills the intruder. Upon hearing the invader's father (**Sam Shepard**) has just been released from prison, it doesn't take long for the parolee to bring his own wave of revenge to the Dane's home. However, just when you think Mickle's tale is about two fathers fighting against each other, a cyclone of mysteries, twists and turns band the adversaries for a greater purpose. I in no way want to spoil the secrets that lie within this well-executed thriller. Hall's transformation from a squirrelly frame-shop employee (with mustache and mullet to match) to a man seeking justice and answers is phenomenal, to say the least. The tight-lipped, rugged Shepard only adds to the film's tension and mysticism, but it's the arrival of the loud-mouth private detective, Jim Bob Luke (**Don Johnson**), that brings smiles to this dark tale of deceit. With Mickle's triumphant return, I think it's safe to say we'll see him again back in the director's chair real soon.
–Jimmy Martin

Locke
Director: Steven Knight
A24
In Theaters: 05.16

I can't believe I watched 85 minutes of a man driving a car, at night, by himself, without getting bored. Ivan Locke, played by **Tom Hardy** (*The Dark Knight Rises*)—the sole visible actor in the film—begins driving home from a construction site the night before the biggest job of his career as a successful construction foreman. When a one-time lover calls him to announce the impending birth of a bastard child, he changes the course of his BMW and his life. He drives through the night, making phone call after phone call, methodically sorting through the consequences of his actions. Hardy brilliantly portrays a cool and meticulous professional who lets his perfect job, marriage and family slip away, all to set his mistake right—and to prove to himself and his dead father that the Locke name can be redeemed. A skilled and oftentimes hilarious vocal performance by **Andrew Scott** (*Sherlock*) provided laughs as well as depth, and it was nice to hear an old, familiar voice from *Peep Show*'s **Olivia Colman**, even though her performance as Ivan's wife made me feel like shit, as if I had committed the infidelity. If I had known this film was just a guy in a car, I wouldn't have seen it. Aside from a score that seems a little pushy at times, though, it's a captivating, beautifully executed film—far from boring. The writing, directing and acting are all spot-on. I could have ridden around with Hardy and listened to him talk for another half-hour, at least.
–Cody Kirkland

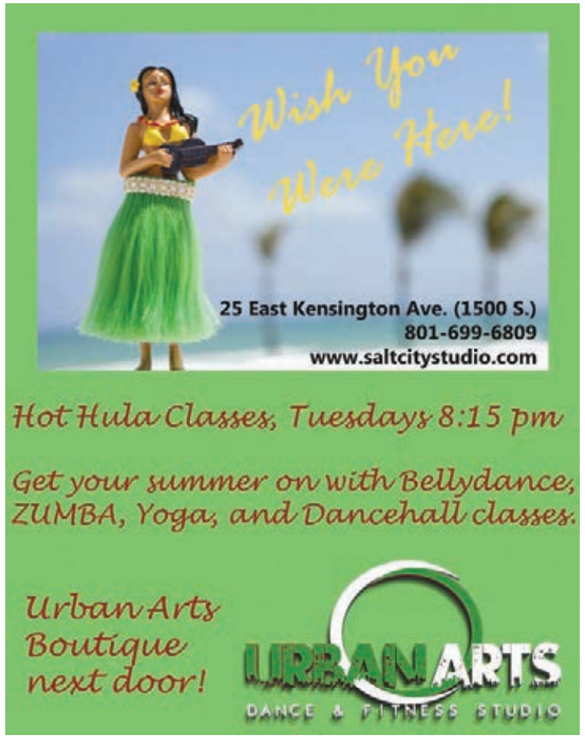
Punk In Africa
Directors: Keith Jones, Deon Mass
MVD Entertainment Group
On DVD: 03.11

Punk in Africa tells the story of how the punk revolution affected the relatively recent social and political upheavals of South Africa, Mozambique and Zimbabwe. Keith Jones and Deon Mass interview members of bands who performed through the different but significant eras of African punk history, some of whom were those formed in the aftermath of the 1976 Soweto uprising, defying South Africa's apartheid regime. Some notable individuals interviewed are **Warrick Sony** (**kalarhari surfers**) and **Ivan Kadey** (**National Wake**), the latter of whom was a part of a multi-racial lineup. Further highlighted in this film is how a younger generation in the 1994 post-apartheid era copes in a changing world, including discussing the significance of how the identity of being African is not limited to their color. The film further explores how that identity influences the creation of music, like African-inspired ska. This brilliant documentary uses an interesting and diverse array of interviews that are coupled with rare archived footage that tells a largely unknown history of punk. A perfect example of how punk politicized is a force to be reckoned with. I strongly recommend picking this one up. *–Nick Kuzmack*













The Blind Guide
The Feast
Self-Released
Street: 01.14
The Blind Guide = late-era Tangerine Dream + Red Sparowes + Explosions In The Sky + Isis

I thought I was reviewing an ambient soundtrack before this finally picked up momentum, more than five minutes into Track 3. The first two songs consist of a spoken-word intro and a dreamy, ambient synth track. It was like the band did a split with an obscure Icelandic electronic group before slowly progressing into post-metal, complete with screamed vocals and guitars spattered with effects. But it did get going, eventually, for which the band deserves credit. The recording quality is also quite nice. My favorite was the third song, the title of which would send me long over my allocated word count. It's definitely the most rockin' and probably captures the essence of the band more than the rest of the album combined. I was a little taken aback by the stark contrast of style, but otherwise, it's a pretty solid album, and if you're a fan of very experimental post-metal, then you'll probably dig *The Feast*. –*Alex Coulombe*

Echodog
Mine
Self-Released
Street: 02.22
Echodog = The Black Keys + The Shins

Echodog reeks with potential. With a short five-track album, these locals know how to play. Each track is rock-oriented, with the exception of "Mine," which feels more along the lines of acoustic, alternative coffee-shop rock—not that that's a bad thing. Echodog maintains a pleasant balance between instrumentals and vocals—you can hear everything. No instrument overwhelms another, and the vocals aren't drowned out by the electric guitar. It's well put together—instrumentally, vocally and lyrically. The band capitalized on the rock genesis of music, giving it their own unique twist to it. Nice riffs, man! –*Lizz Corrigan*

Jake Burch
Bloodflower
Self-Released
Street: 02.10
Jake Burch = DM Stith + Tim Buckley + Inlets



Jake Burch sings like someone pleading for absolution, as if he's somewhere in the astral plane, stuck between stations. Burch's voice can move up the octave scale from a twangy, marble-mouthed drawl to an impressive **Jeff Buckley** howl in a strained falsetto that pushes the recording into the red in a few quick movements. Burch's compositions effectively back these rusty-gold pipes when they are at the sparsest and creepiest—such as on the looped vibraphone bassline on the eponymous "Bloodflower." They lose a bit of their luster, however, when corralled into straightforward folk rock tracks on "Pick Up." Conventional composition is not something this multi-instrumentalist should need to rely on when he has such a disarming tool at his disposal. –*Ryan Hall*

Laughter
Ain Soph Aur
Self-Released
Street: 03.12
Laughter = Dwellers + Knut + High On Fire

There's definitely not a lot to laugh about on this gloomy EP from Laughter, made up of a talented trio of SLC musicians. There is a duality in the music presented on the record. The intro sets the tone for more of an atmospheric vibe, and opening track "In Finite" follows the atmosphere and has a bit of post-metal/hardcore/etc. influence. The composition is tight, and the production lends to a heavy bass tone with clear guitars and vocals that seem like they're being sung from the other side of the room. It's all dark, moody and made of the stuff that makes you think. Taking a huge left turn, "Black Eyes" turns on the straight-up jam-type doom stuff—it breaks that atmosphere and darkness as does its successor "Frozen." Then things get gritty and ultra-gloomy again with "Prelude in C# Minor (In B)" and closer "Protagonist." When it's all over, it's not something I'm entirely unhappy with—I just find myself wishing something slightly different. It's still a work of music well worth checking out. –*Bryer Wharton*

Mustard Tiger/Satanic Hispanic
Split
City of DIS
Street: 01.22
Mustard Tiger/Satanic Hispanic = Insect Warfare + Infest + Unholy Grave

This grind/fastcore/powerviolence split comes from two groups who don't take themselves too seriously. Mustard Tiger, whose name is derived from an insult hurled during an episode of *Trailer Park Boys*, bring some raw jams to their side—and we're talking raw. Their tracks sound like they may have been recorded by an old Magnavox boom box set up in the corner of their practice space. A self-professed joke band, they play fast and loose, scream about things like having no socks and the price of orange juice, and do it in six tracks totaling less than five minutes. The second half of the split is occupied by Satanic Hispanic, who bring a comparatively polished recording also played at warp speed. Interspersed movie sound-bytes complement their dirty take on crusty, noisy hardcore. This split is raw, underground, loud, and doesn't care what you think. By those standards, it totally works. –*Peter Fryer*

Rise in Style
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 02.18
Rise in Style = Blink-182 + Out Out

This six-song album has notes borrowed from a variety of alternative rockers. Opener "Do Away" is a hopeful anthem that strokes the edge of **Angels and Airwaves** without the excessive reverb. "Revival" has a post-hardcore, **At the Drive-In** feel, though without as much edge. Closing track "Waiting For You" brought **311** to mind, though not quite as experimental or broad in scope. This group has plenty of potential, the cuts have solid production, and the album has a nice flow from track to track. If I have one problem, it's that their alt-rock sound is too clean. The songs are catchy but pretty straightforward, and they aren't very challenging—they'd nestle in perfectly on stations like *X96*. I'd love to see this group really let loose and inject a little more grunge to the mix—I'm almost offended by how inoffensive they are. –*CJ Morgan*

VCR5
Radical
Self-Released
Street: 03.08
VCR5 = Nullsleep + Jason Forrest + PixelH8

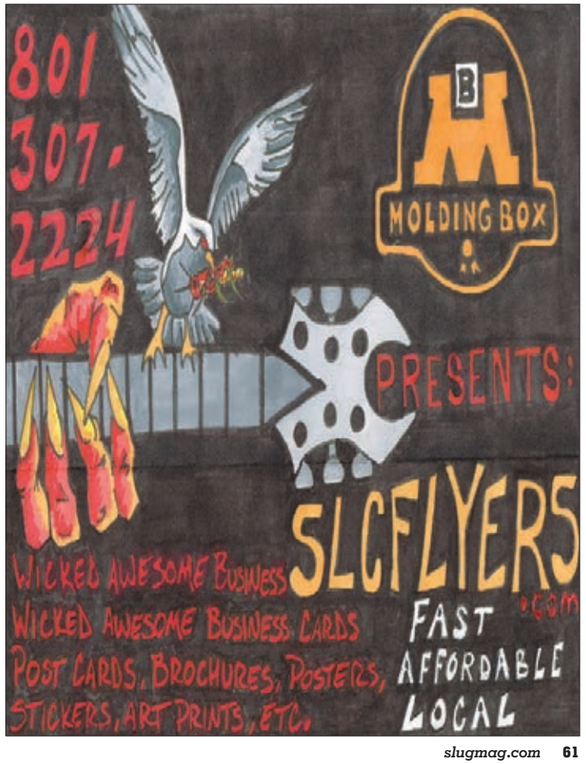
It would be a bit disingenuous to lump **Joe Greathouse** in with the pasty crowd of chiptune musicians. On the surface, it makes a bit of sense. The heavy syncopation, melodic phrases falling over each other like *Sonic the Hedgehog* caught in a loop, and the high BPM, omnipresent pitter-patter of skittering drum patterns would be easily mistaken for his DS-wielding, 8-bit brethren. This is the closest reference because no one really makes music like VCR5. VCR5 is a quintet of VCRs programmed to bleat and spill their magnetic-taped guts to each other in six iterations of sugar-coated, psychotropic, all-VCR versions of *Family Feud*. This all-hardware approach to electronic music would seem a bit unwieldy onstage, but the recorded artifact is sheer brilliance. A bit overwhelming at times, it is best to take this jackhammer of a record in micro-bursts of unrestrained spazz-danceability. –*Ryan Hall*

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Music Reviews

1, 2, 3
Big Weather
American Hermitage
Street: 05.27
1, 2, 3 = The Drums + Tame Impala

Inspired by the Tohoku tsunami in Japan, *Big Weather* is a 20-song concept album about natural disasters. Capitalizing on the theme of water, 1, 2, 3 use surf rock as their base, then add layers of psych and vinyl. By eliminating synth sounds that would typically be found in psych rock, a more intimate, stripped sound is created. "Waiting for the Horseman" samples a classical piece of composition, while "Refusal Bop" and "Shapes of Wrath" feature well-put-together vocal harmonies. Each song on *Big Weather* brings a new element that gives 1, 2, 3's musicianship range and cleverness. –*Kia McGinnis*

Alex Smoke
RS 1403
R & S Records
Street: 05.19
Alex Smoke = Objekt + Synkro

Alex Smoke does it again with a follow-up release to his 2013 *Dust* EP. This four-track EP is packed with minimal tech-house beats and industrial-influenced synths. Lots of reverb and a bit of distorted vocals drift through this EP, adding depth and dimension to the tracks. These tracks contain a big-room sound, so your mom's laptop won't do them justice. Do yourself a favor and break out some serious speakers. At first listen, the chopped vocals of "Oni" made it my favorite track. The second time around, it was the fluidity of "Green Man" that stood out to me more. After the third listen, it was the building tension of "Tommy Knockers" that really got me fired up. This album is so diverse and the production is so squeaky clean, you can't help but admire Alex Smoke for the mass amount of talent this little gem holds. –*Kamryn Feigel*

The Alvaret Ensemble, Kira Kira, Eiríkur Orri Ólaffson, Ingri Garðar Erlendsson, Borgar Magnason
Skeylja
Denovali Records
Street: 03.21
The Alvaret Ensemble, et al = Anne Guthrie + Valgeir Sigurðsson + The Kurva Choir

The *Skeylja* project is a collaboration featuring the Berlin-based Alvaret Ensemble, who traveled to Iceland to practice and play with several prominent musicians in the avant-garde/post-classical tradition (a genre which Iceland seems to foster). The result is a few rough sketches of songs that were performed live in nine, one-hour performances in an old church on an island off the coast of the Netherlands. Those recordings, edited and distilled, came to be known as *Skeylja*. *Skeylja* is an album of infinite possibilities: graceful, melodic passages plunge headlong into a lock-horned battle of dissonant, avant-damage. Long, droning passages are swept into a churning sea of brass, woodwinds, guitar and human/inhuman voices that swallow up any other sounds not *Skeylja*. The resulting album is an incredibly engaging piece of work that is colossal, even though it is only a fraction of the original work. –*Ryan Hall*

The Apache Relay
Self-Titled
So Recordings
Street: 04.22
The Apache Relay = Fleet Foxes + George Harrison

The Apache Relay, despite sporting a pretty badass (I don't use the term lightly) and foreboding name, are actually twee in nature. As such, they are subject to the usual comparisons: **Grizzly Bear**, Fleet Foxes, and to some extent, **Blitzen Trapper**. The third track, "Terrible Feeling," even has parallels with George Harrison. "Growing Pains" furthers the Fleet Foxes comparison, as lead singer **Michael Ford, Jr.** is a dead ringer for the patron saint of the nouveau Appalachian folk movement, **Robin Pecknold**. He's also an able songwriter, keeping me on my toes throughout the album with surprising turns and bold songs, like "Forest for the Trees," a stripped-down, **Leonard Cohen**–like meditation on identity crises. –*Taylor Hale*

Arkona
Yav
Napalm Records
Street: 05.06
Arkona = Alkonost + Natural Spirit + Prarod

One of pagan metal's best kept secrets is Moscow's Arkona, who make every studio offering an epic one. *Yav*, the band's seventh full-length album, is out to conquer all. It plays out as one of the band's darkest offerings since *Ot Serdtsa K Nebu*. *Yav* stays dark and strong with a few moments where the old meets the new with folk instruments meeting some synths. They maintain ever-changing dynamics and boast probably the most enigmatic frontwoman in metal, **Masha "Scream" Arkhipova**, at their helm. Her singing voice is at its most powerful, and her scream is at its most shattering yet. Slower rhythms bring contemplative tones to an almost a trance-inducing feeling and then, when there is no expectation of it, the rhythm blasts hard and heavy—crunching like bones taking blows with battleaxes. *Yav* is easily the most interesting record Arkona have released in years and is up for debate as the band's best yet. –*Bryer Wharton*

BOYTOY
Self-Titled
Papercup Music
Street: 05.13
BOYTOY = Las Kellies + Blake Babies + Fuzzy



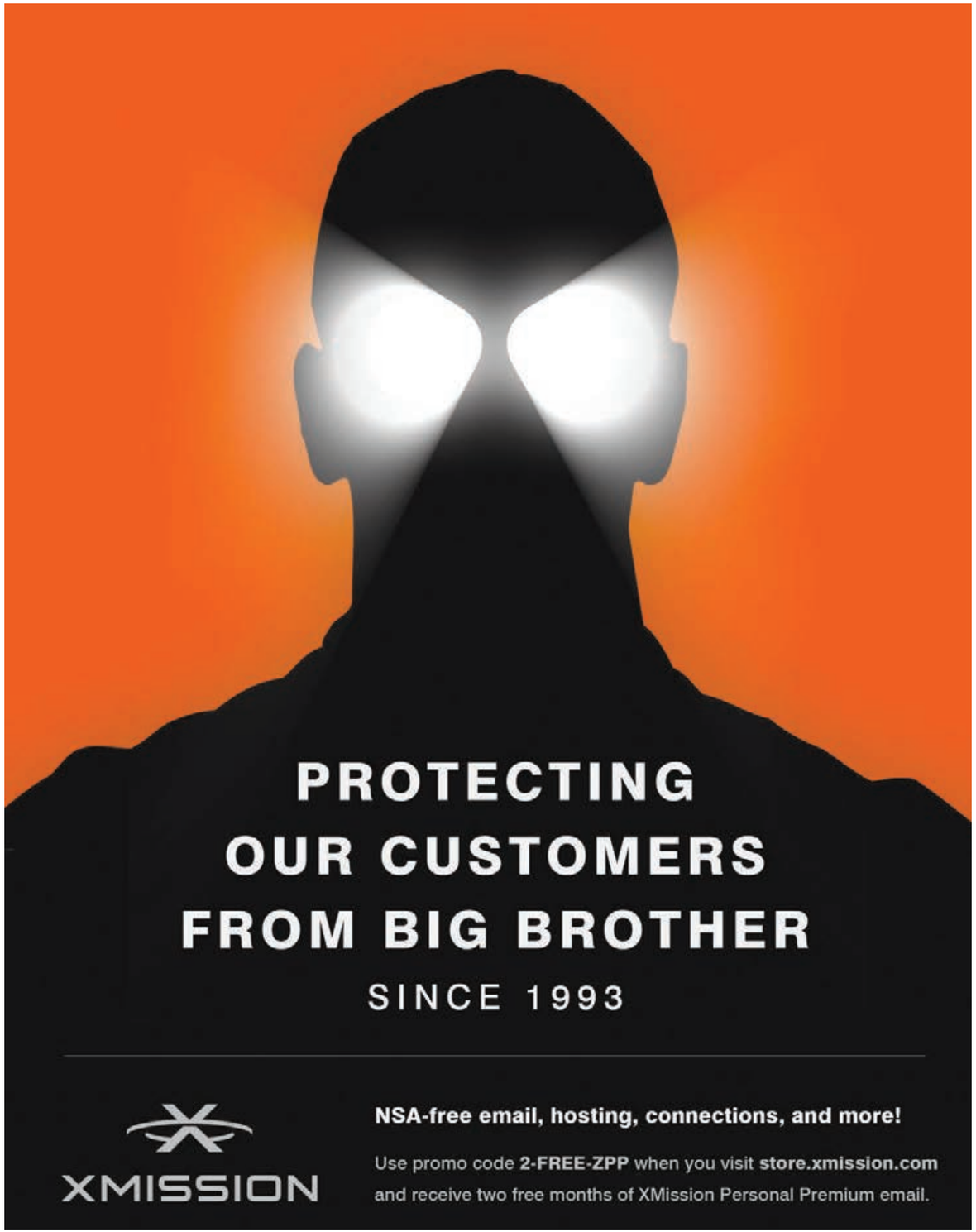
BOYTOY drops this fuzzed-out, pop-alt rock into the laps of the dazed populace. This album plays through slowly and drawn out. The opening track, "Helluva Party," is heavy and full of distortion. In contrast, the next number, "Shallow Town," is fast and energetic—truly the most engaging tune here. Then, it's back to mellow with a heavy drop-in of guitar riffs on "Future Ghost." The album is very much a back-and-forth between relaxed and occasional upbeat tunes. While there are only seven tracks on this album, by the time I got to "Blazed," I realized my mind was elsewhere and I needed to rewind to see what I'd missed. It's not the most engaging album out there. Warning: Without the right substance, listening may encourage a wandering mind. –*Nick Kuzmack*

Buzz Osborne
This Machine Kills Artists
Ipecac Recordings
Street: 06.03
Buzz Osborne = Melvins + John Stuart Mill

Osborne has been King of The Melvins for the past 30 years, and has produced a metric shit-ton of sound, ranging from demonic grunge to obnoxious noise. The title hints at Buzzo's fear of releasing an acoustic solo album, as many solo careers fall flat; rather, *This Machine* serves as an autobiography tailored for the true Melvins fan with 17 to-the-point tracks. "Laid Back Walking" rages in with some pretty sweet but simple guitar melodies, adding to Osborne's mild social and political commentary. Meanwhile, "Instrument of God" has the pace of *Houdini* with the angry, early grunge/punk vocals of *Ozma*. This album is not a jumping-off point for starting your Melvins' discography, but instead pays homage to a lengthy career while introducing an evil acoustic flair and an introspective look into King Buzzo. –*D. Russell*

Craft Spells
Nausea
Captured Tracks
Street: 06.10
Craft Spells = The War on Drugs + The Feelies

With a record label that fosters the likes of **Wild Nothing** and **Beach Fossils**, it's expectable that most Craft Spells compositions will be aimed toward the average pop-loving introvert. However, their newly metamorphosed sound on *Nausea* has enough muscle behind it to flex out the navel-gazer in



any listener. In contrast with previous albums, *Nausea* makes a solid break from the band's over-extensive use of early '80s synth pop structures and replaces them with simplistic and jangly guitar rhythms canvassing around a lackadaisical tempo. The album's single, "Breaking the Angle Against the Tide" is so adept at using rolling and warm rock resonations that it could easily go toe to toe with any of **Real Estate**'s contemporary canon. Whereas past albums brought Craft Spells recognition of their potential, *Nausea* exhibits that they had the wits to not let it go to waste. *–Gregory Gerulat*

Curtis Harding
Soul power
Burger Records
Street: 04.22
Curtis Harding = *Inspiration Information*–era Shuggie Otis – inspiration

If I were a betting man, I'd wager everything I've got that **Allen Toussaint**'s *Southern Nights* is Curtis Harding's favorite record. It's a good favorite to have, too. (This review prompted me to spend the weekend listening to it). Problem is, Harding works so hard trying to replicate the music of his heroes on *Soul Power* that the fog of their legacy makes it difficult to see any of Harding's personality shining through. Even so, this is a pretty darn enjoyable set of rock-influenced soul. None of the songs here offend my music-snob sensibilities in any way. That's no small feat, either. Unfortunately, these pleasant tunes never transcend beyond competent mediocrity. I do, however, thank Harding from the bottom of my heart for the much-needed reminder to revisit not just Toussaint, but **Terry Collier**'s *What Color is Love,* as well. *–Dan Vesper*

Dead Rider
Chills on Glass
Drag City
Street: 03.18
Dead Rider = Son Lux + Chemical Brothers

Imagine a funky psychedelic trip where the '70s meet the '90s, minus the angst. "Blank Screen" is a perfect description of what this band is about: smooth vocals, experimental electronic sounds and a funky rhythmic beat. This is a clever album on several levels. Although it's not my cup of tea, I must say it has some fantastic, soulful vocals and took me on an electronic journey into the abstract mind of the artist. This album's ever-changing rhythms combined with enticing beats have me listening again and again, always hearing something new. If you enjoy sultry electronic indie rock, I recommend you pick up this album and see what electronic journey is in store for you. *–Seeth McGavien*

Donovan Blanc
Self-Titled
Captured Tracks
Street: 06.24
Donovan Blanc = Real Estate / Ducktails

Donovan Blanc are New Jersey natives and the most recent artists signed to the Captured Tracks family. Captured Tracks and New Jersey are known to provide blissed-out guitar work, and Donovan Blanc deliver. Their debut album is full of soothing and soaring vibes, thanks to their dreamy guitar riffs and self-reflective songwriting. Whether they're asking, "Do you look the same in the morning?" on "Is it Natural" or relenting, "I don't want to be the one to break your heart," on "Girlfriend," Donovan Blanc are revealing natural fears we've all felt before, with a fine sense of rhythm. On "Can't Wait To Meet You," they let the harpsichord solo dance among an upbeat guitar and bass combo. The result is magic, and calls to mind **Paul Simon**. I'm always looking for that warm feeling of nostalgia, and that's what Donovan Blanc offer. *–Justin Gallegos*

Feel No Other
Self-Titled
Silber
Street: 03.03
Feel No Other = Poeina Sudarth + Woodkid + Enya

Like blind men in a theater, we're taken through a cinematic story of sounds: Lush vistas of synth and layered orchestrations, courtesy of **Brian McKenzie**, pillow strong operatic vocals from **Claudia Gregory**, whose voice is rarely off-pitch and acts as a striking complement to the vast soundscapes. Most tracks have a spaghetti-western influence ripped from a time when western films were dominant in cinema. You can see a silhouette amble toward the sunset as "March Towards the West" and "Gunslinger" fill your ears. Other tracks are haunting ("Even the Blue"), and some are daring ("Synoyi Edohi"), but they all tell a story. In this world, songs and stories are one and the same, and sounds and visions bounce through your head like tumbleweeds on a barren plain. From title screen to closing credits, this album is a film to appreciate. *–CJ Morgan*

Frances England
Paths We Have Worn
Self-Released
Street: 05.16
Frances England = Rachel Yamagata + Maria Taylor

I can see it now: Visions of mommies on Pinterest from all over the blogosphere will pin a picture of this "indie-rocker" girl with all sorts of hashtags littering the title: #cute #seriouslyadorable #indiemusic #fashion! The title track is a prime example of this vision, as I imagine England with her guitar, wearing a flower dress, in a preschool classroom teaching kids how to sing along with her: "I could be a quiet moment, and you could be a leaf on a tree …" Gag me. I'd rather listen to my nephew's Barney sing-along book than any more of this cutesy folk stuff. *–Brinley Froelich*

Ghetto Ghouls
Self-Titled
Monofonus Press
Street: 04.08
Ghetto Ghouls = The Dicks + The Rippers + Scratch Acid

After surviving the brutal assault of "Peepshow," I can see the subtle brilliance that makes Ghetto Ghouls something special. Their attack of the senses, with devastating urgency, shows that this garage + noise + punk group does it right: loud, fast, simple, no bullshit and showing clear rock n' roll roots. Notable numbers on this album are "Psycho," "Gimme a Gun" and "It's So Cold," as they highlight the passion-filled blitz of the raw punk rock that makes this album. The only downside is that the sound lacks quality. However, this is no doubt due to Ghetto Ghouls recording the album in just four hours. If you like it fast and hard, this is well worth your consideration. *–Nick Kuzmack*

Hunterchild
Self-Titled
Temporary Residence
Street: 05.13
Hunterchild= The Weeknd x Prince + Robin Thicke

Channeling the masters of intimate pop and R&B, Hunterchild perfects the sexy sound without being gross (looking at you, Mr. Thicke). Although the vocals transition from smooth to raw and raspy, Hunterchild is still able to maintain the charm and allure sans the corny bullshit. "Fantasy" and "Time Traveling Lover" mix sultry synth-pop with silky vocals, while "Work You" and "No Anchor" combine more rock-based elements under coarse vocals. Either way, it's still sensual and seductive. So, go ahead and light the candles and lay your lady (or gentleman) down by the fireplace, because, if you put this album on, it's about to go down. You're welcome. *–Allison Shephard*

Joe Matzzie
This Box Makes Noise
There's Been A Publishing/ U.S. Records
Street: 05.06
Joe Matzzie = Blitzen Trapper + Tyler Lyle

First things first: Joe Matzzie has a love for music. The inside of his newest album cover reads, "This record was made with love." This singer/songwriter stays perfectly in tune with what he does best. He plays guitar riffs and chords that start and stop abruptly—the kind that are characteristic of modern folk styles. There are a few similar-sounding tracks, but, in general, Matzzie is incredibly versatile. He plays top tracks like "California Dreamin On Ya," that are performed con brio with a unique rhythm. While keeping it simple and rhythmic, he also plays tracks like "Dies Irae" that showcase his talent to serenade in foreign languages. *–Lizz Corrigan*

Jonny "Two Bags" Wickersham
Salvation Town
Folsom Records
Street: 04.01
Jonny "Two Bags" Wickersham = Elvis Costello + Neil Young + The Gaslight Anthem

The sideman, usually with a guitar in his hand, has finally stepped out of his role as six-string slinger for **Social Distortion** and put together his first solo full-length. While Jonny is well known for his punk rock work, it's surprising how singer/songwriter this record is, evoking **Dylan** way more than the **Ramones**. Perhaps that's to be expected from a guy who's played loud, brash rock n' roll in other people's bands more than his own. On the country-tinged "Alone Tonight," steel guitar and organ tones make you feel every bit of solitude that Jonny is expressing in his lyrics. The piratey accordion on "Avenues" adds so much to the jaunty ditty that it gives Jonny the chance to hit harder than he does on the rest of the record. From a few rockers to folk-flavored, soul-filled ballads, you can hear punk in all of it. *–James Orme*

Mahalya
Electricspaceagesweetheart
Serial Lover Records
Street: 03.25
Mahalya = Superchunk + Better Than Ezra + Sonic Youth

Mahalya is a band with a pedigree, but you wouldn't know it by their discography. The New Orleans musical collective—based around Richmond, Va. native, frontman **Dave Fera**—only released one album and EP shortly after inception in 1999, and then his side project, **Big Blue Marble**, was cut short by Hurricane Katrina. Fera is no stranger to major-label success. His first band back in the early '90s, **Seymores**, had landed a record deal after their first show, a festival gig with Superchunk and **Archers Of Loaf**, with whom Mahalya has been compared. Fast forward to the present:

Fera broke out of the self-described "funk" he'd been in and, along with bandmates, has cobbled together a set of songs that bottles all the original '90s indie rock exuberance, updated with a newfound sense of melodicism and verve. It's a great album to greet the opening up of springtime! *–Stakerized!*

Mica Levi
Under the Skin: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Milan Records
Street: 04.01
Mica Levi = Micachu and the Shapes instrumental elements + Iannis Xenakis

Multiple tracks on Mica Levi's score to *Under the Skin* feature "void" in the title. The word is a fitting choice to describe much of the sense one gets while listening to these pieces and considering imagery to accompany them. Most will likely imagine a vast abyss. Trilled violin fills intrude over ominous drones and cut rhythms in pieces such as "Lips to Void" and "Mirror to Vortex." Tension is the unifying thread throughout. I'm interested in seeing the film, and have read little about it for that reason. Its focus is on an alien (**Scarlett Johansson**), preying upon hitchhikers in Scotland. With these details of the film in mind, the score seems rather fitting. *–T.H.*

Mos Generator
Electric Mountain Majesty
Listenable
Street: 04.15
Mos Generator = Spirit Caravan + *Sabotage*-era Black Sabbath + *Dopes*-era Monster Magnet

This is a heavy-duty power trio taking a distinctly '70s boogie route (the "Rocky Mountain Way?") into newer doom territories. I hear shades of **Mountain** and **Grand Funk Railroad** throughout the rhythm section, but the standout here is the guit/vox combo of **Tony Reed**, straining **Wyndorf**, **Wino** and the cautionary lilt of **Ozzy**'s cocaine years into a wailing assault that can kinda wedge itself into into any ol' genre. A swaggering monster of a record, replete with 10 excellent cuts spanning the gamut of heaviness and all its subsets, *Electric Mountain Majesty*'s finest moment may be the bombast of "Enter the Fire," which pits soft-sung verses against a deafening chorus for a breathtaking effect. It's completely fantastic all around, suitable for varying degrees of metallers from beard-bloggers to full-on longhair acid casualties. It all fits, maaaaan. *–Dylan Chadwick*

Pixies
Indie Cindy
Pixiesmusic
Street: 04.28
Pixies = Superchunk + Built To Spill

Well, it's the moment we've all been waiting for: a new Pixies album. *Indie Cindy* is a compilation album, containing tracks from *EP1, 2* and *3*. There are a few tracks from their newest EP, and finally, their newest song in over 10 years. Because there are a few familiar songs, it's easy to call *Indie Cindy* a success. New songs like "Bagboy" are classic Pixies with the traditional accompaniment of male and female vocals and heavy electric guitar. On the other hand, it's no *Doolittle*. But, for what it's worth, every Pixies album is a killer album. *–Lizz Corrigan*

Prong
Ruining Lives
Steamhammer/SPV
Street: 05.13
Prong = Metallica + Fudge Tunnel + early Helmet

One might imagine following 2012's *Carved Into Stone*—Prong's most acclaimed and commercially successful album since the landmark 1994 record *Cleansing*—would put some pressure on the band. **Tommy Victor** comes out guns blazing with *Ruining Lives*. The first track, "Turnover," is a hell of a song, and sets the tone for an album that chomps at the heels of classic Prong material. Since they began in 1986, the band has dabbled in post-hardcore/thrash, crossover and industrial. *Ruining Lives*, essentially, is a thrash record with some modern elements. It's not really crossover anymore—fuck, it's just metal. Victor upped his guitar chops tenfold here. There are some hellaciously fantastic riffs, not to mention smashing solos and leads that push the songs into realms that are completely original to metal. All that thrashing madness aside, the power of *Ruining Lives* is, equally, its lyrical power and the constantly changing dynamics, sounds and styles of the record. They keep listeners guessing at what's next, and make for an interesting and head-banging listen. *–Bryer Wharton*

Rodrigo Amarante
Cavalo
Easy Sound
Street: 05.06
Rodrigo Amarante = The National + Devendra Banhart

The underlying Spanish influence of this album is enchanting and ethereal. Portrayed, obviously, through several songs being sung in the language, it is also present in the richness and vibrancy of Amarante's songwriting. "Hourglass" is dynamic with a maraca beat and reverb vocals in a **Beck** style, while "Cavalo" seeps with somber piano and sparse, spoken lyrics. Amarante was recently featured on a La Blogothèque "Take Away Show," in which he sings and strums his guitar walking along the street, a cigarette hanging delicately out of his mouth. Through this acoustic medium, you can watch the vulnerability and honesty that makes his music so gratifying. *–Kia McGinnis*

Smoke Fairies
Self-Titled
Full Time Hobby
Street: 04.14
Smoke Fairies = St. Vincent + Jack White

Calculating and sterile, Smoke Fairies' eponymous new album opens with an old-school pop song wrapped in a **Feist** guise, called "We've Seen Birds." A solid song to be sure, though perhaps a bit misleading, as none of the songs afterward reach its delirious heights and joy. The rest of the album is a morose letdown. "Hope is Religion" is an egregiously simplistic song that sounds so dated. It would be a good fit on the first **Portishead** album, but is jarring and out of place here. In fact, the whole album is like that—full of songs that sound more like experiments or a collection of singles from a genre-hopping artist like **Beck**, just without the restraint. *–Taylor Hale*

Sweet Apple
The Golden Age of Glitter
Tee-Pee
Street: 04.08
Sweet Apple = KISS + The Replacements + Sweet



J Mascis' signature geetar-wailing paired with **John Petkovic**'s (**Cobra Verde**) trembly vocals results in a glistening, '70s-esque powerpop juggernaut. A follow-up to their critically heralded debut, *The Golden Age of Glitter* takes unabashed cues from sweet FM radio-rock and even glam à la **Slade**, but plants an eye keenly on the same kind of thunderous indie-ROCK that made bands like **Superchunk** so universally loved ("Troubled Sleep"). Standouts include "Wish You Could Stay (a Little Longer)" featuring guest vocals by **Mark Lanegan** and the sad yet anthemic "Let's Take the Same Plane." Great for rockin' solo or on a long-ass drive with the 'rents. Interestingly, six of these cuts will get the Internet treatment and be featured in six thematically connected music videos spanning a variety of locales and featuring an accomplished assemblage of indie-rock royalty. Huzzah. *–Dylan Chadwick*

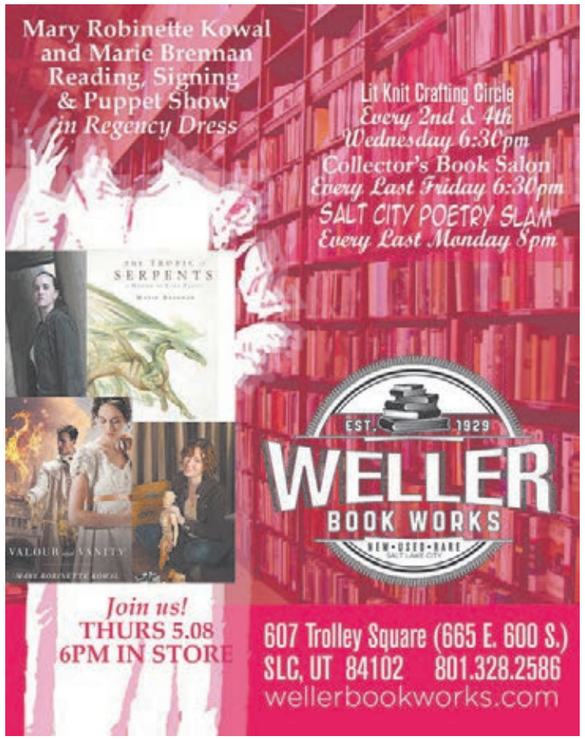
Teitanblood
Death
Norma Evangelium Diaboli
Street: 03.14
Teitanblood = Autopsy + Incantation + Antaeus

Even though I'm now a pile of pulverized flesh and bodily fluid as a result, listening to Teitanblood's latest offering was the best decision of my adult life. The second you hit "play" on your stereo, a carnal swarm of everything capable of kicking ass begins mercilessly bludgeoning you with the filthiest, evilest death metal ever created. "Anteinferno" begins the agony with blasting drums, layered, tortured screams and tuning that's lower in pitch and seven times more menacing than Buffalo Bill's voice in *Silence of the Lambs*. The intros on a few tracks, like "Sleeping Throats of the Antichrist" and "Cadaver Synod," grant only a minimal break in the audial assault with feedback and apocalyptic chants before plowing right back into more insane, fiendish horrorscapes. This album gives you the full tour of the nine circles of Hell and asks only for your mental wellbeing in return. *–Alex Coulombe*

Unicycle Loves You
The Dead Age
Highwheel Records
Street: 06.10
Unicycle Loves You = The Fresh & Onlys + Popstrangers + Vivian Girls

The Dead Age fills well-titled tracks (names like "Suicide Pizza," "Face Tattoo" and "Endless Bummer") with the retro fuzz sound that's seized the garage scene. The track names alone would be enough to get me to listen at least once. Upbeat melodies get caught in my head and bring me back. The often-reverberated vocals—sounding somewhere between **Wavves** and **Happy Birthday**, but sung over music that sounds fuller, due to more prevalent bass tones—help to boost the listenability. The song "Face Tattoo,"—perhaps the album's highlight—stands out by introducing itself with deep electronic percussion that jumps from left to right, followed by a **Best Coast** guitar clone, constant feedback in the periphery and dual (male and female) vocals on the chorus. *–Steve Richardson*

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the Daily Calendar



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Friday, May 2
Happy Birthday, Logan Sorenson!
The Jingoes, Danger Hailstorm - ***Bar Deluxe***
The Moths - ***Burt's***
Gloria Trevi - ***Complex***
Bullets & Belles - ***Garage***
Julia Lelis, The Stranger, Daniel Brimley, Cade Walker - ***Kilby***
The Sash, Callie Moore, Inch Chua - ***Muse Music***
Rooftop Concert Series: Desert Noises, The National Parks, Strange Family - *Provo Town Square Parking Terrace*
La Verkin, Red Bennies, Telepanther - ***Shred Shed***
Little Hurricane - ***State Room***
Dubwise - ***Urban***
Big Wild Wings, MiNX, Shasta & The Second Strings - ***Woodshed***
Saturday, May 3
Years Since The Storm, Silence The Messenger - ***Bar Deluxe***
The Heartbreak Beats, Tainted Halos, Hi Fi Murder - ***Burt's***
Better Taste Bureau, Luna Lune, Solarsuit, Mimi Knowles - *Complex*
Stephen Ragga Marley, Jo Mersa Marley, Wayne Marshall - ***Depot***
Big Wild Wings, The North Valley, Mr. Future, Forest Feathers - ***Kilby***
Millionaires, Midnight Discotheque, Sweet Tooth, Vengeance Tampon, Silent Sorcerer - ***Loading Dock***
The Ladells, The Danger Kids - ***Muse Music***
Plan-B Theatre: And The Banned Played On - *Rose Wagner*
Jesus Or Genome, Matt Bashaw, The Troubles, Charles Ellsworth, Tres Williams - ***Shred Shed***
Matt Andersen, Cory Mon - ***State Room***
Desert Noises, The Future Of The Ghost, Hollow Wood - ***Urban***
Sunday, May 4
The Blasters, Utah County Swillers - ***Burt's***
Mastodon, Gojira, Kvelertak - ***Depot***
Slow Children, Drunk As Shit - ***Loading Dock***
The Dusty 45s, Honey Pine - ***State Room***
Monday, May 5
Kadavar - ***Burt's***
Jimmy Thackery - ***Garage***
Summer Lasts Forever, Shrink The Giant, The Matt Bacnis, Lover Fighter - ***Kilby***
Devin The Dude, Berner, Potluck, Cool Nutz, J. Hornay - ***Urban***
Tuesday, May 6
Dana Falconberry, Strong Words, Annie Girl & The Flight - ***Bar Deluxe***
Jimmy Thackery - ***Garage***
Fu Manchu - ***In The Venue***
Holly Golightly & The Brokeoffs, Breezeway, George Nelson - ***Kilby***
Save The World Get The Girl, Wired For Havoc, Paper Guns - ***Shred Shed***
Augustana, Twin Forks - ***Urban***
Wednesday, May 7
Blessthefall, Silverstein, The Amity Affliction, Secrets, Heartist - ***In The Venue***
Secret Abilities, Bandit, Bombshell Academy - ***Kilby***
No Sun, Go Deep - ***Shred Shed***
Night Beats, Breakers, Red Telephone - ***Urban***
Thursday, May 8
Happy Birthday, Samuel Hanson!
Seven Days Lost, Osiris - ***Burt's***
Karmin, Bonnie McKee - ***Complex***
Johanna Johanna, Sun House, Galetta, Chivers Timbers - ***Kilby***
Otem Relik, Cannibal, J, Omeed The Nag, Envy - ***Loading Dock***
The Shell Corporation, Filth Lords - ***Shred Shed***
Vibesquad, Hecka, Sub Phunk - ***Urban***
Gypsy Cab - ***Velour***
DIY Workshop Series: Cake Decorating with Megan Whittaker of Noisette - *West Elm*
Friday, May 9
Happy Birthday, Mike Brown!
Salt City Sirens Burlesque - ***Bar Deluxe***
The Socialists, Mananero - ***Burt's***
OCD: Moosh & Twist, Jared Evan, Better Taste Bureau - ***Kilby***
35th Annual Spring Plant Sale - ***Red Butte***
Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies, Exodus - ***Saltair***
Survey Says, Show Me Island, Storming Stages, Athiest, The Anchorage - ***Shred Shed***
The Cave Singers, The North Valley - ***Urban***
Mortigi Tempo, The Blaqks, Brumby, Wild Apples - ***Velour***
Moon Honey, Dark Seas - ***Woodshed***
Saturday, May 10
Happy Birthday, Rebecca Vernon!
Happy Birthday, Scott Farley!
Happy Birthday, Kent Farrington!
Genre Zero, Hectic Hobo - ***Bar Deluxe***
Bug Girl, Thunderfist, Magda Vega - ***Burt's***
Spice 1, Rappin 4Tay, JT The Bigga Figga - ***Complex***
WRD: Hot Wheelers vs. Salt Flat Fallouts - *Derby Depot*
Patrick Park, STATUR - ***Kilby***
Sketch Cabaret - Rollick - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Paisty Jenny, Rasiata, The Departure, Geppetto - ***Loading Dock***
Riffle & The Run, Wandering Woods - ***Muse Music***
35th Annual Spring Plant Sale - ***Red Butte***
Pert Near Sandstone - ***State Room***
SLUG Localized: Famous Relatives, Conquer Monster, Mkaio - *Urban*
Sunday, May 11
Koala Temple, Beat Hotel, Nods - ***Kilby***
The Warlocks, Super 78, Pest Rulz - ***Urban***
Monday, May 12
Aaron Mcdonnell - ***Burt's***
Koala Temple, Chalk, Stag Hare, Coyote Vision Group - ***Urban***
Tuesday, May 13
Doe Eye, Merchant Royal - ***Bar Deluxe***
Chop Tops, Tuxedo Tramps, Blue Moon Bombers - ***Burt's***
Danny Brown - ***Complex***
Nathaniel Rateliff, Carly Ritter - ***Kilby***
William Fitzsimmons, Ben Sollee - ***State Room***
Acid Mothers Temple, Perhaps - ***Urban***
Wednesday, May 14
Floor, Hot Victory, Thrones - ***Bar Deluxe***
Black Irish Texas - ***Burt's***
Stephen Stills - ***Depot***
Upon The Dawning, The Browning, Phineas, Adestria, Dayseeker - ***In The Venue***
The Fence, Paul & The South Paws, Advent Horizon, Her Luminaria - ***Kilby***
Pvris, Nightmares, Alive Like Me, Uintah - ***Loading Dock***
CLC Artist Workshop Series: Apothecary Kits - *Natural History Museum*
HelloGoodbye, Vacationer, Heavenly Beat - ***Urban***
Thursday, May 15
My Body Sings Electric, Kiven - ***Bar Deluxe***
Bobby Meader Music, Divided Heaven - ***Burt's***
UTA Bike Bonanza - *Gallivan Center*
Twenty One Pilots, Nonono, Hunter Hunted - ***In The Venue***
Mirror Travel, Black Sands, Supermoon - ***Kilby***
The Damn Handsomes, Creature Vs. - ***Loading Dock***
Letters - ***Muse Music***
Mount Salem, Visigoth, Oxcross - ***Shred Shed***
Old 97's, Nikki Lane - ***Urban***
Jurado, Joshua James, Jerome Holloway - ***Velour***
Friday, May 16
Happy Birthday, Cassie Anderson!
Cryptic Wisdom, Whitney Peyton, Icy Blu & Sequence, Atheist, Dine Krew, Gryzzle Beats - ***Bar Deluxe***
Sturgeon General, Year Of The Wolf - ***Burt's***
UTA Bike Bonanza - *Gallivan Plaza*
DevilDriver, Carnifex, Fit For An Autopsy - ***In The Venue***
Burnell Washburn, Toki Wright, Dumb Luck, Pat Maine, Amplified - ***Kilby***
Morrissey, Kristeen Young - ***Kingsbury***
Kill Paradise - ***Loading Dock***
Salty Waters, Vincent Draper - ***Shred Shed***
The Steve Lyman Group, Corey Christiansen - ***State Room***
Max Pain & The Groovies, Dark Seas, Breakers, Wild Wild Wets - ***Urban***
Living Traditions Festival - *Washington Square*
Saturday, May 17
Utah Symphony: All-Star Evening - ***Abravanel***
Hillstomp, Tony Holiday & The Velvetones, Dead Lake Trio - ***Bar Deluxe***
Lost In Society, The Hung Ups, Shocktroopers - ***Burt's***
Artist Workshop Series: Wind Chimes With Jessica Thesing - *Ceramics Supply USA*
Riff Raff, Grandthief - ***Complex***
Groove Garden After Dark - ***Garage***
Band Of Skulls - ***In The Venue***
Protomartyr, Fossil Arms, Swamp Ravens - ***Kilby***
Krafty Kuts, Hobbz, Loki, Defyze - ***Lo-Fi Cafe***
My Fair Fiend - ***Muse Music***
My Body Sings Electric, Kiven - ***Shred Shed***
Peter Rowan - ***State Room***
Matt Pond, PA, The Lighthouse & The Whaler - ***Urban***
Seve vs Evan, Coral Bones - ***Velour***
Living Traditions Festival - *Washington Square*
Sunday, May 18
OTEP, Wayne Static, Dope, Smile Empty Soul, Thira - ***Club Sound***
Cage The Elephant, Foals - ***Complex***
For The Fallen Dreams, Obey The Brave, I, The Breather, Reflections, Sylar - ***In The Venue***
Theories, Founders Of Ruin, Burn Your World, Satanic Hispanic - ***Shred Shed***
Organe, Marinade - ***State Room***
Mr. Wright, Rodrigo & Jans, Bandwagon, Simply B, u&di - ***Urban***
Living Traditions Festival - *Washington Square*
Monday, May 19
Happy Birthday, Rachel Roller!
Against The Grain, Tough Tittie - ***Burt's***
Kilgore Trout, Nora Dates - ***Shred Shed***
Beachmen, Fossil Arms, Big Wild Wings - ***Urban***
Sean Hayes, Cory Mon - ***Velour***
Tuesday, May 20
Happy Birthday, Nicole Roccanova!
The Soft White Sixties, Vincent Draper and The Dirty Thirty, The Sates, Breakers - ***Bar Deluxe***
Indigenous Robot, Big Wild Wings - ***Burt's***
Rodriguez - ***Depot***
Saint Vitus, Suns Of Huns - ***In The Venue***
Perfect Pussy, Potty Mouth, Fossil Arms - ***Kilby***
Powerman 5000, 9 Electric, Perish Lane, A Balance Of Power, Change To Fire - ***Lo-Fi Cafe***
Everyone Dies In Utah, The Last Ten Seconds Of Life, Kingdom Of Giants, InDirections - ***Loading Dock***
Wednesday, May 21
Mogwai, Majeure - ***Depot***
B-Side Players, Ojo De Buey, Marmalade - ***Lo-Fi Cafe***
The Party Foul, O'Kingdom, For The Broken, Burn The Gallows, Approach The Throne - ***Loading Dock***
Stitched Up Heart, Blindfold The Devil, Descend the Empyre - ***Metro***
Mad Max & The Wild Ones, Fission Breakers - *Shred Shed*
Tommy Castro & The Painkillers - ***State Room***
Lorin Walker Madsen, The Digital Wild, Green River Blues - ***Urban***
Thursday, May 22
Happy Birthday, Christian Broadbent!
Je Double F, Kill Screen, Jsavage, Dreeze Meeze - ***Burt's***
Haim, Tennis - ***Depot***
Joe Ecker & The Ripple Effect, The Stranger, Alex Murphy - ***Kilby***
Melissa Merlot, Jason Harvey, EK - ***Muse Music***
Kyle Gass Band - ***Urban***
Sam Cooper & Co., Jack Pines - ***Velour***
Friday, May 23
Jef Doogie, Fleetwood - ***Bar Deluxe***
Bad Kids & Yeldah Present: The Body Show - ***Burt's***
Utah County Swillers - ***Garage***
Bonanza Town - ***Hog Wallow***
Blood Red Shoes, JAWWZZ!! - ***Kilby***
Star Grazer, Portal To The Goddamn Blood Dimension, Hypernova Holocaust, Armed For The Apocolypse - ***Shred Shed***
Little Green Cars, Bullets & Belles; Kishi Bashi, Tall Tall Trees - ***Urban***
Hectic Hobo - ***Woodshed***
Saturday, May 24
Happy Birthday, Paul Frame!
Charles Ellsworth, Strong Words - ***Bar Deluxe***
Jimmy Eat World - ***Depot***
Jalan Crossland, Screen Door Porch, JShogren Shanghai'd - ***Garage***
(hed) p.e., SOiL - ***In The Venue***
Party Boys Of The Century, The Feros Project, The Rocksteadys, Sturgeon General - ***Loading Dock***
NOW-ID Presents: Feast - *Saltair*
Metro Presents the Second Annual SLUG Cat! - *Saturday Cycles*
Red Bennies 20th Anniversary - ***Shred Shed***
Dwellers, Aerial Ruin, Light/Black, DONE - ***Urban***
Sunday, May 25
Geek Show Movie Night - ***Brewvies***
Kiel Grove, Randall Conrad Ollinger - ***Burt's***
Shai Hulud, One Year Later, Cool Your Jets - ***Shred Shed***
Ill-Esha, Hecka, Crisis Wright & SL Steez - ***Urban***
Monday, May 26
Happy Birthday, Adam Fratto!
The Naked & Famous, White Sea, Strange Babes - ***Depot***
Grieves - ***In The Venue***
River Monks, Hectic Hobo - ***Shred Shed***
Early Man, Cornered By Zombies, Sunchaser - ***Urban***
Tuesday, May 27
Backtrack, Ivy League, Discourse, Homewrecker - ***Shred Shed***
Metalachi - ***State Room***
Tune-Yards, Sylvan Esso - ***Urban***
Wednesday, May 28
Happy Birthday, Maggie Zukowski!
Happy Birthday, Candida Duran!
Happy Birthday, Jocelyn Bowman!
Buffalo Killers, The North Valley, Strange Family - ***Kilby***
The Unlikely Candidates, Night Riots, Oh Be Clever, Attack The Sunset - ***Loading Dock***
Margot & The Nuclear So And So's, Jake Bellows, Kate Myers - ***Urban***
Thursday, May 29
Assuming We Survive, Behind The Fallen, Betty Hates Everything - ***Bar Deluxe***
Zombiecock, Merlin's Beard, Los Rojos, Year Of The Wolf - ***In The Venue***
Supermoon, Westward, Breezeway - ***Kilby***
Hammer Fight, Forget The Sunset, Numskull Trio, Sugar Bone - ***Loading Dock***
The Porch - Storytelling - ***Muse Music***
Hammer Fight - ***Shred Shed***
Friday, May 30
Blueprint, Count Bass D - ***Bar Deluxe***
LHAW, Tainted Halos, Hi Fi Murders - ***Burt's***
Ugly Valley Boys, Honey Pine - ***Garage***
Green River Blues, Red Telephone, Season Of The Witch - ***Kilby***
Bizzy Bone - ***Metro***
Trapdoor Social - ***Muse Music***
Caldera - ***Shred Shed***
Ill.Gates, Morzfeen, Dekai - ***Urban***
Kalai - ***Velour***
Nicholas Dr. Nick, MC Pigpen, Black Lion - ***Woodshed***
Saturday, May 31
NRG Rising, Sarah B - ***Bar Deluxe***
Tiger Star - ***Burt's***
The Bloody Beetroots - ***Depot***
Grieves, SonReal, Fearce Vill - ***In The Venue***
Super 78, Swamp Ravens, Beat Hotel, Black Sands - ***Kilby***
Bane, Turnstile, Take Offense, I Am The Ocean - ***Loading Dock***
Abigail Williams, Dethrone The Sovereign, Lecherous Nocturne, Pezerfaust - ***Shred Shed***
Mr. Vandal, Gravy.Iron, Grimblee, Tetris Fingers ft. The Arts of Chaos Dance Troupe - ***Urban***
Sunday, June 1
Happy Birthday, Brinley Froelich!
Six Shooter, The Drunken Cuddle, The Outta Controllers - ***Bar Deluxe***
Negura Bunget, Moon Of Delirium - ***Burt's***
Cas Haley, Kimie, Mike Love, Tubby Love - ***In The Venue***
Victor Wooten Band - ***State Room***
Monday, June 2
Happy Birthday, Brian Baade!
Two Cow Garage - ***Burt's***
Black Label Society, Devil You Know, Butcher Babies - ***Complex***
Tweak Bird, Froth - ***Kilby***
Louis Logic, Psalm One - ***Loading Dock***
French Horn Rebellion - ***Urban***
Tuesday, June 3
Happy Birthday, Allison Shephard!
Shotgun Shogun - ***Bar Deluxe***
Gemini Syndrome - ***Burt's***
Xavier Rudd - ***Depot***
The Mowgli's - ***Kilby***
Adventures, Foxing, And I The Lion, No Sun - ***Shred Shed***
Chet Faker - ***Urban***
Wednesday, June 4
Aesthetic Perfection, Panic Lift, Surgyn - ***Area 51***
Spafford - ***Bar Deluxe***
Prizehog, The Great Sabatini, Cornered By Zombies, Huldra - ***Burt's***
Crucialfest - *Metro*
Artist Workshop Series: Butterfly Jewelry With Zell Lee of Asana Natural Arts - *Natural History Museum*
Dax Riggs, Geneiveve Smith, Jim Fear - ***Urban***
Thursday, June 5
Crucialfest - *Bar Deluxe*
Crucialfest - *Burt's*
Reno Divorce, Tainted Halos, HiFi Murder - ***Lo-Fi Cafe***
Pigeon John, Grayskul, Rafael Vigilantics, Broken Silence - ***Loading Dock***
Ghouls and Dolls: A Queer Pride Pageant - *Metro*
Kurt Travis, Andrew Wells, Red Bennies - ***Shred Shed***
The Milk Carton Kids, Tom Brosseau - ***State Room***
Indubious, Afro Omega, Sol Seed - ***Urban***
Rocky Votolato, Lotte Kestner, Kevin Long - ***Velour***
Utah Pride Festival - *Washington Square*
Friday, June 6
Pick up the new issue of SLUG - *Anyplace cool!*
Crucialfest: Eagle Twin, Kowloon Walled City, Helms Alee, Making Fuck, Oxcross - *Bar Deluxe*
SLUG's Beer Issue Party - *Beer Bar*
Jacks Smirking Revenge, The Hung Ups, The Cockpits, Jail City Rockers - ***Burt's***
Tyler Ward - ***Kilby***
Rooftop Concert Series: We Are The Strike, VanLadyLove, Cory Mon - *Provo Town Square Parking Terrace*
Crucialfest - *Railyard Community Art Garden*
Eagulls, Cheatahs - ***Shred Shed***
Wayne Hancock - ***State Room***
Dubwise - ***Urban***
Utah Pride Festival - *Washington Square*
MiNX - ***Woodshed***











THE URBAN LOUNGE

MAY

May 1: **The Dodos**, Holy Water Buffalo
May 2: **DUBWISE 9 PM DOORS**
May 3: **Desert Noises**, The Future of The Ghost, Hollow Wood + Matty Mo DJ Set After Show
May 5: **Devin The Dude**, Berner, Potluck
May 6: **Augustana**, Twin Forks
May 7: **Night Beats**, Breakers, Red Telephone
May 8: **VibeSquaD**, Hecka, Sub Phunk
May 9: **KRCL Presents The Cave Singers**, The North Valley
May 10: **SLUG Localized: Famous Relatives**, Conquer Monster, Mkalo + Matty Mo DJ Set After Show
May 11: **The Warlocks**, Super 78sl, Pest Rulz
May 12: **FREE SHOW Koala Temple Album Release**, Stag Hare, Coyote Vision Group, Chalk
May 13: **Acid Mothers Temple**, Perhaps
May 14: **hellogoodbye**, Vacationer, Heavenly Beat
May 15: **Old 97s**, Nikki Lane
May 16: **Max Pain & The Groovies Return From Tour**, Dark Seas, Breakers, Wild Wild Wets
May 17: **Matt Pond PA**, Lighthouse & The Whaler 7 PM DOORS + Matty Mo DJ Set After Show
May 18: **Repo's B-Day Bash**, Mr. Wright, Rodrigo and Jans, Bandwagon, Simply B, u&dl
May 19: **FREE SHOW Beachmen**, Fossil Arms, Big Wild Wings
May 21: **Lorin Walker Madsen**, The Digital Wild, Green River Blues
May 22: **Kyle Gass Band**
May 23: **Little Green Cars (early show)**, Bullets & Belles **6 PM DOORS**
May 23: **Kishi Bashi (late show)**, Tall Tall Trees **9 PM DOORS**
May 24: **Dwellers CD Release**, Aerial Ruin, Light/Black, Done
May 25: **Ill-Esha**, Hecka, Crisis Wright & SL Steez
May 26: **Early Man**, Cornered By Zombies, Sunchaser
May 27: **Tune-Yards**, Sylvan Esso
May 28: **Margot & The Nuclear So & So's**, Jake Bellows, Kate Myers
May 29: **Soulville Soul Night FREE BEFORE 10:30 & $3 AFTER**
May 30: **Ill.Gates**, MorzFeen, Dekai
May 31: **Dirt First Takeover: Mr. Vandal**, Gravy.tron, Grimblee, & Tetris Fingers ft. The Arts of Chaos Dance Troupe

COMING SOON:

June 2: French Horn Rebellion
June 3: Chet Faker
June 4: Dax Riggs
June 5: Indubious
June 6: Dubwise
June 7: Red Fang
June 10: Sage Francis
June 11: Yann Tiersen
June 12: Phesto
June 13: Disforia
June 14: The Devil Whale
June 16: Dog Fashion Disco
June 19: Allah-Las
June 21: Summer Party With Coolio
June 22: King Khan & The Shrines
June 25: Sharon Van Etten
June 28: Spell Talk
July 1: Robert Francis & The Night Tide
July 2: Courtney Barnett
July 4: Zepperela
July 5: The Antlers
July 12: CJ Mées
July 13: Calvin Love
July 18: Wye Oak
July 19: Nick Waterhouse
July 24: Ash Borer
July 26: Jay Brannan
Aug 3: Broke City Reunion Show
Oct 15: Shonen Knife

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED
241 S 500 E SLC | 21+

KILBY COURT

MAY

May 2: **Julia Lelis**, The Stranger, Daniel Brimley, Cade Walker
May 3: **Big Wild Wings**, The North Valley, Mr. Future, Forest Feathers
May 5: **Summer Lasts Forever**, Shrink the Giant, The Matt bacnis, Lover fighter
May 6: **Holly Golightly & The Brokeoffs**, Breezeway, George Nelson
May 7: **Secret Abilities Tour Send Off**, Bandit, Bombshell Academy
May 8: **Johanna Johanna**, Sun House, Galetta, Chivers Timbers
May 9: **OCD: Moosh And Twist**, Jared Evan, Better Taste Bureau
May 10: **Patrick Park**, STATUR
May 11: **Diabolical Records Presents: Koala Temple**, Beat Hotel, Nods
May 13: **Nathaniel Rateliff**, Carly Ritter
May 14: **The Fence**, Paul and the South Paws, Advent Horizon, Her Luminaria
May 15: **Mirror Travel**, Black Sands, Supermoon
May 16: **Burnell Washburn's Album Release Party** ft. Toki Wright (rhymesayers), Dumb Luck, Pat Maine, Amplified
May 17: **Protomartyr**, Fossil Arms, Swamp Ravens
May 20: **Perfect Pussy**, Potty Mouth, Fossil Arms
May 22: **Joe Ecker and The Ripple Effect**, The Stranger, Alex Murphy
May 23: **Blood Red Shoes**, Jawwzz
May 24: **The House Guests**
May 28: **Buffalo Killers**, The North Valley, Strange Family
May 29: **Supermoon**, Westward, Breezeway
May 30: **Green River Blues**, Red Telephone, Season of the Witch
May 31: **Super 78**, Swamp Ravens, Beat Hotel, Black Sands

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